

Jessie's Three Resolutions.

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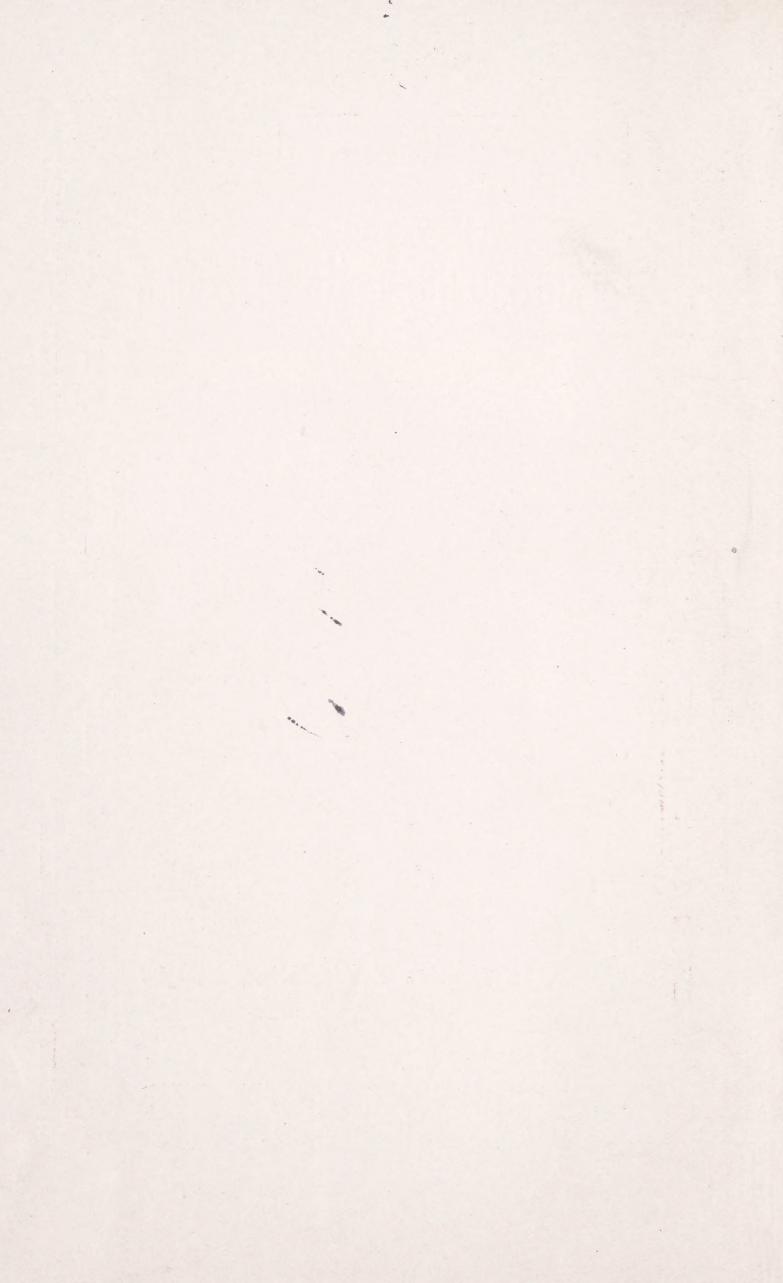
MARY E. BAMFORD



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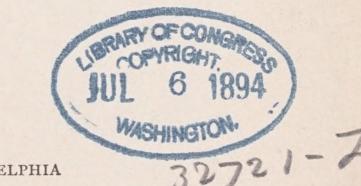
1420 CHESTNUT STREET



# JESSIE'S THREE RESOLUTIONS

MARY E. BAMFORD

Interest in all nations, and in seeking that repentance and remission of sins should be preached to them, expands our hearts, opens our minds, and opens our pockets too, for those who are nearer our doors.—Dr. J. Brown.



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## JESSIE'S THREE RESOLUTIONS.

### CHAPTER I.

#### TEMPTED AND TRIED.

He must be very wise that can forbear being troubled at things very troublesome.—Tillotson.

66 OH, don't!" exclaimed Jessie, irritably.

She spoke to the ashes that she was just carrying outside. She heard a stifled remark behind her as she slammed the kitchen door, but did not stop to ask what had been said. She knew that the wind was blowing back some of the ashes upon her, and so she hastily ran down the steps and through the yard to the ash heap. As she emptied the pan, the wind again seized on the ashes, and blew them partly over her.

"Oh!" ejaculated Jessie, "I suppose that there's a sprinkling of ashes on my hair and all over my back!"

She brushed her shoulders as well as she could, and hurried in. As Jessie entered the kitchen, her aunt pointed to the floor, and the girl looking down, saw what had caused the muffled remark behind her at the time of her exit. Half the width of the narrow little kitchen was littered with the white ashes.

"Oh!" Jessie groaned, despairingly. "Did the ashes blow back here too?"

She swept and mopped the oilcloth-covered floor, but the work did not tend to calm her ruffled spirits. Jessie had felt cross all the morning. She had tried not to speak sharply, but she had not kept from thinking impatiently, and the consequence was that, as for several hours now she had been indulging in an irritated mental mood, the sharp words were very near the surface. She had a hard cold in her head, and the dusty wind seemed to blow on her nerves. Such a wind always had a tendency to blow her Christian patience away, almost as easily as if it were light as the leaves and twigs that were swept rapidly past the window.

Jessie went to the stove to fix the fire, and discovered on the back of it some soot that had been blown down from a small hole in the stove pipe. She brushed up the soot in an impatient silence.

Then she went into the front room to dust the furniture. While she was wiping a table, a gust of wind blew some brick dust down the old chimney into the grate.

"It's almost no use dusting such weather," complained Jessie to herself. "How horrid everything is!"

A slight clatter came from the kitchen, and Jessie

knowing that she was needed there, went to wipe the dishes. As she worked, she found a fresh source of impatience in the fact that the dishes, after being washed, had not been turned the right way to drain. The plates held water, and the tins were hard to get perfectly dry. It was very trying. And then she had two packages of books to strap in paper, and she could not find twine enough to tie around them the opposite way from that in which the straps went. She tried cotton yarn, but it broke; and white linen thread did the same. And her miserable cold troubled her, and the paper in which she was wrapping the books tore a little, and would not fold as it should at the ends, and Jessie grew warm and uncomfortable, and more out of temper every second. The holes in the straps were not in the right places, and Jessie punched some new ones with the scissors, and tugged at the straps, until at last the two packages of books stood together on the ledge of the book-case.

"That's done," sighed Jessie.

Her wandering glance fell upon a place on the carpet beside a clothes' closet. She frowned. There were some scraps and threads on the floor. Jessie sprang nervously to brush the place. She hated to see dirt on the carpet. She was sure her aunt had left those few threads there. Jessie was obliged to make a little dust with the broom and the carpet-sweeper, and that was trying, for she had already wiped the furniture in

that room, and she did not want the dust to settle on the things so soon again.

"There!" she exclaimed, as she pushed the carpetsweeper out into the next room, and stooped to pick up another thread she had noticed on the carpet. "How many horrid things do happen to-day! And I must give three music lessons this afternoon!"

She sighed again, not remembering how much more she would have had to sigh over if she had not had those music-scholars to teach, since money was not plentiful, and Jessie's scholars helped a great deal toward the household finances.

Jessie glanced at the clock, and noticing the hour, felt a twinge of conscience, as she remembered the length of time she had been indulging in this mood of ill-temper. But it was not so easy to stop and become perfectly amiable all in a moment. Moreover a sound in front of the house arrested her attention.

"Aunt Abby's watering the yard," thought Jessie.
"She needn't do that. I was going to do it."

A stream of water rushed against a front window.

"Oh, there now," grumbled Jessie; "what does she do that for? I always wash and wipe that window on the outside. When it's washed with the hose, there are streaks left on the glass. Now that window will be streaked, and I will have to go and wash it again. I do wish Aunt Abby would let it alone!"

Jessie was more tried than ever when she went into

the front hall and saw that Aunt Abby had directed the hose against the front door, and that some water had come under the door and wet the front hall carpet for about a foot. The colors of the carpet would run when wet.

"Oh!" groaned Jessie. "Now there will be a great spot there."

But she did not say anything to her aunt, although it cost her a struggle not to do so. Poor Aunt Abby! Her health was not good. She could work only at times, and she always tried to do what she could. Jessie grimly shut her lips, and said nothing about the water. She went into the next room to wash her hands. The towel was missing, as she discovered after getting her hands dripping wet, and she had to go away out to the kitchen for a clean one from a drawer. She came glumly back again, and hung the towel in its place beside the washstand.

"Excuse me," apologized Aunt Abby, who had just come in. "I thought when I took that towel away I'd get a new one immediately, but I forgot it."

"It seems to me I almost always have to go for a towel when you change it," grumbled Jessie, mentally.

Outwardly she was silent, just as she was awhile afterward when the lunch table was being cleared off. Jessie opened the slide between the kitchen and the dining-room. Either her mother or Aunt Abby had put a quart measure of milk among the other dishes

standing there, and on that side of the slide there was a hook, the relic of a time when the slide had been kept fastened. As Jessie opened the slide, this hook almost caught the handle of the quart measure, which had been placed too near the board. Of course, Jessie could not see before opening the slide, and it was a very little space that prevented the hook from knocking the milk over and splashing it on the other eatables waiting in the opening. Jessie had passed through some such catastrophe once before, and the thought of what might have been this time was too much for her equanimity, already sorely tried.

"I should think you might be more careful," she inwardly stormed; the "you" meaning either of the persons in the next room.

Jessie had that morning asked the Lord to keep her lips, her thoughts, and her actions; but to-day was one of her "cross days," and it did not seem as if she could be patient. It requires watching, as well as prayer, to enable us to resist temptation. Jessie desperately wished that she was not so cross. She was God's child on this "cross day" of hers, just as she had been last Sunday when she taught her class of boys so earnestly; or Wednesday, when she played the organ for the hymns at prayer meeting.

"You ought to be ashamed of yourself," Jessie told herself, as she sat sewing that afternoon, waiting for a music scholar; "to think that after you have been a

Christian so many years, you are so impatient. Why don't you control yourself? You are like that soldier in Cromwell's army, John Shelburne, of whom Cromwell said that he was so irritable that when no one else was about, John would quarrel with Shelburne, and Shelburne with John."

Jessie smiled, but there were tears in her eyes. She had been reviewing her forenoon as she sewed, and she found much to cause her regret. She ought to have been more patient. She knew it. She remembered last Sunday night's young people's prayer meeting. The subject had been "God's power to keep," and Jessie recollected especially the words of one woman, who had said:

"I hope I may be pardoned for being personal," and Jessie knew her as a very pleasant member of the church, "but the subject to-night brought to my mind an experience of my own; and I thought perhaps it might help another person. When I became a Christian, I was greatly troubled about my temper. I would become angry so often. I tried to be pleasant, but it seemed to me sometimes almost as if I could not be a Christian, I had such a temper. And I remember that once, when I was feeling so, that passage from the Bible came to me: 'Satan has desired to have thee, but I have prayed for thee.' And it seemed to me that if Jesus was praying for me, he had sympathy for me, and he knew just how hard it was for

me, and would help me to conquer my temper. There was such comfort in that thought, 'I have prayed for thee.'"

The woman's voice trembled a little as she ceased speaking. Jessie had never imagined that she had much of a temper because she was so pleasant, and kind-hearted, and lovable always.

Just now the woman's words came back to Jessie. Surely Satan had desired to have her this day. Had the Lord prayed for her? The slow tears filled her eyes and dropped upon her work.

"I will try," she murmured. "Dear Lord, help me."

She had need of his help and patience through that afternoon. The three music scholars whose lessons came on that day appeared, one after another. Some of the lessons were but half learned, and Jessie tried to patiently correct blunders, and reiterate again and again instructions given before. She was a very tired teacher when five o'clock came and the last scholar went away. Jessie sat down on the lounge and began to look at some papers which the postman had brought that afternoon. She picked up a new little missionary pamphlet.

"I wonder what this is?" she thought. "I never saw it before. Somebody must have sent it to us; somebody who knew how interested we all are in missions, I suppose."

The girl looked very sober. The subject of foreign missions was a very tender one with her. She had been brought up to be interested in foreign missions. When she was only a little child she made up her mind that she was going to become a missionary when she was grown. And now that she was older, she found herself bound to music teaching, her father being dead, her mother almost an invalid, and her aunt so old and feeble as to be nearly helpless at times. Jessie was a good musician and had quite a number of scholars. But was this the life she had planned for herself? The thought of those who sat in darkness, those who were dying without Christ, almost overwhelmed her sometimes. What could she do? She must stay, and earn money, and care for the needs of those two dear ones who depended so much on her and whose health was so poor.

Jessie had opened the little missionary pamphlet while she thought. She looked at the page before her. On it were a few short items about the great spiritual destitution of the world:

- "Ecuador, with between one and two millions of people, has no missionary and never had one."
- "Dr. Thomas B. Wood is the only Protestant pastor among the three millions of Peru."
- "There are not more than twenty or thirty lightbearers among the two and a half millions of Chile."
  - "Eighteen workers for the four million people of

the Argentine Republic and Patagonia! Why, O Church, dost thou not hasten to save?"

"A few passing visits have been made by colporters of the American Bible Society among the people of Bolivia, but there is as yet no resident Protestant missionary for its two million, three hundred thousand souls."

Jessie gazed at that page until her eyes were full of tears. Why had she ever had such light as had been hers all her life? Why was she not in darkness as those in heathen lands were? That which burdened her heart most heavily was the item concerning Ecuador.

"Ecuador, with between one and two millions of people, has no missionary and never had one."

Never had one, and all these years those thousands, those millions of people had been going down to death! What were Christian people thinking about? Oh, how much needed to be done!

Jessie reached to the book-case and drew out an encyclopædia. Turning to "Ecuador," she read:

"The entire population, except the uncivilized Indians, belong to the Roman Catholic Church, and the public exercise of any other form of religion is forbidden.

"The Indian population grows up almost entirely without education. In accordance with the concordat of 1863, the entire public instruction is in agreement with the Catholic Church."

Yes, and the Catholic Church not modified in certain respects as it might be in America, by contact daily with protestantism, but the Catholic Church in all the blackness of its ignorance, and wickedness, and superstition, in a land where protestantism is forbidden. And such a land "has no missionary and never had one."

Jessie shut the book softly. Those who lived and died without the light! The thought of whither they were so steadily going seemed unbearable. And Ecuador was but one country. There were so many other places so destitute. Oh, if she could go! Why could she not? Why, when he knew her life-plan had the Lord so appointed her lot that instead of being a missionary she must spend her days teaching music and doing housework, trying all she could to make the home finances meet demands and to help her sick mother and her aunt? Not that Jessie wearied of caring for these dear ones and helping them. Not that at all. She had thanked God many and many a time that he had given her a means of earning her living at home, that he allowed her to earn enough to pay bills and keep anxiety from those two persons dearest to her, and that he had so arranged her life that while still earning she might be at home the greater part of the time and so attend to the housework that would be too hard for her mother and her aunt, and utterly impossible for them to do at those times when the health of one or the other, or both, was the poorest. Yes, many a time Jessie felt that she had much to thank God for. It was he who had enabled her father to give her unusually good musical advantages in the years past, thus fitting her for earning the living. Now that her father's work on earth was over, she could bravely go on teaching the most undesirable and stupid of music scholars, if the effort would only keep comfort in the home. But, once in a while, some such bits of information as those she had just read about mission fields would strike her with a pang. It seemed so dreadful to think about thousands on thousands of people sitting in darkness, knowing nothing of the light, nothing of Christ, passing on to Christless graves, with the future dark, oh, so dark!

You are not to judge that because this inconsistent young Christian had been impatient and fretful this morning, therefore she was not in earnest about this matter of missions. The Lord has many very faulty followers, and Jessie was a true follower in spite of her imperfections.

Jessie dropped her head, and burst into tears.

"Oh, dear Lord," she prayed, "send forth laborers into thy harvest! Lay it upon the hearts of thy people!"

Did he not know the limitations of her life?

"Lord, guide me," she whispered.

And from that day the name "Ecuador" was to be written on Jessie's prayer list, as an object to be especially mentioned in her petitions.

It was time to get supper. Jessie wiped her eyes, and went to the shed to get a pan of potatoes to wash.

It did not look like a very exalted occupation, but we cannot always tell by the appearance of work whether it is exalted or not.

Jessie put the potatoes into the oven to bake, and went to the garden to see if she could not find enough green peas to add a little relish to the meal. She had dug the ground for the patch of peas herself, and bought the seed and planted it, and now she was glad that for a number of times there had been enough peas to cook. Jessie picked peas and thought about Ecuador, the bright California sunshine enveloping her as she worked and thought.

"I can do so little to help foreign missions," she thought, sadly.

Then like a flash there came to her memory those words of that immortal Baptist missionary, William Carey: "All I can do is plod."

A gleam of hope accompanied the memory of those words. Could she not also "plod"? Could she not ask God to guide her plodding?

"I will plod," resolved Jessie, energetically. "I will plod as I never have plodded before!"

As she went about her work her thoughts as well as her hands were busy. Many were the bits of missionary information she was able to recall that but added inspiration to her fixed determination.

One day as she was dusting the parlor, her mind revolving meanwhile some new items of interest relating to her beloved work, the thought came to her:

"If every Christian would do all he or she could, even by 'plodding,' how much more would be accomplished than now is in mission work!"

### CHAPTER II.

#### RESOLVING.

I never knew a case of a person or a parish warmly interested in missionary work where larger blessings of spiritual prosperity were not returned, good measure, pressed down and running over.—H. E. Fox.

YES," acquiesced a woman's voice back of Jessie's chair, "I believe in both kinds of missions."

Quite a number of women were sitting in the large, high, back part of the church which they had come to visit, and in which they had been holding a women's quarterly mission meeting of the delegates from the Baptist churches of that section. It was the noon hour now, and the women had adjourned to the back part of the building, where they were furnished with sandwiches, cake, coffee, tea, and bananas by the kind, energetic workers of the little entertaining church. Jessie was eating her lunch when she overheard the woman behind talking to Aunt Abby.

"Now, you know," continued the woman's voice, "I have a very good neighbor, Mrs. Jerome. She is not a church-member, but she is a real nice woman. I spoke to her once, telling her how interested I was in foreign missions, and she said: 'Well, I used to believe

in foreign missions too, when I lived back East. had a neighbor there who was always talking about foreign missions. She was so interested in them! And of course, enthusiasm is contagious, and I became interested too. But after a while both her family and mine moved out here to California, and that woman who was so interested in foreign missions got a Chinese for a servant. Well, the way she treated that heathen servant was dreadful! I would not have been so mean to anybody as she was to him. Why, she didn't act as if he had a soul at all! And I just made up my mind that if that was the way that woman treated the first heathen she had ever had near enough to do anything for, why then that woman's talk about love for foreign missions was all humbug! And so I have never believed in foreign missions since.' So you see," added the speaker, "that I am not very likely to get Mrs. Jerome to come to any quarterly mission gathering."

"Well," Jessie heard Aunt Abby answer, "Mrs. Jerome thinks she has a little reason on her side, I suppose. It is a pity she has had such an experience. Some of the romance of missions does wear off, I suspect, on becoming acquainted with real heathen. I think some persons' fancy for foreign missions is merely a romantic notion which is not founded on the true love for souls that will enable a missionary to go to the filthy, degraded heathen and live among them, trying to win them to Christ."

"Yes," agreed the other woman, "there are two kinds of liking for missions; one liking that is real, and another kind that is not. And it seems to me here in California the kind that is not gets hold of some folks, judging in regard to the Chinese."

"I hope you and I have the real kind," Aunt Abby answered, quietly. And then the groups began to break up and go back to the main room.

After the lunch hour, the afternoon session began with a short prayer meeting, and the leader of the meeting urged her hearers toward more consecration and more earnest work for the unsaved.

"To preach the gospel," repeated the leader; "that is the duty of each Christian. To preach the gospel. How are you going to do it?"

"How are you going to do it?" That was a question which followed Jessie to her homeward-bound car. She sat and looked out of the window as the car went along, and she wondered how she could preach the gospel any more effectually than she had done heretofore.

"I have not been much of a preacher," confessed Jessie to herself. "How can I do it?"

Not to go around in the spirit of self-righteousness, saying, "I am holier than other people, therefore I have a right to preach at them."

Oh, no! That was not it at all. Jessie had seen a few Christians who once in a while made the mistake of talking that way, not intentionally perhaps, but ex-

hibiting an apparent feeling of superiority that made their words somewhat unpalatable to others. She did not intend to imitate such workers.

"To preach the gospel. How are you going to do it?"

The leader's question rang in the girl's ears. She thought of her own life. How, within its limitations, might she "preach the gospel"? Had she not already tried to preach it?

And yet there had come to her, as there sometimes comes even to more faithful, efficient workers, a sense of the fact that one has not been nearly enough in earnest about striving to save souls, and one cries out: "Lord, show me what to do! Lord, help me to be more faithful!"

For it is he, alone, who can show us our work.

"I am not going to say I want to be a foreign missionary, and then neglect the heathen at my own door, the way that woman did whom I overheard about," resolved Jessie.

Did she really have any opportunity to bring the gospel to others? Was there any audience for her preaching? What persons did she meet yesterday, for instance? Who came to the house?

"I don't know that anybody came," thought Jessie, trying to remember. "Well, yes,—of course the milk boy came, the way he always does. But then

Well, what then? That milk boy had been coming every day for months. Had she ever found out whether he was a Christian or not? Did she know about him? Had she ever said one single word to make him think that the people in that house had any different aim in life from the people in other houses where he delivered milk? No, she had not. She believed she had prayed for that boy a little. But to speak to him about this matter, to give him just one invitation or bit of help toward being a Christian, she had not done that.

"I believe I was thinking about being a missionary yesterday, when the milk boy came," remembered Jessie.

Must a person be, then, distinctly set before her eyes as a heathen, before she saw clearly enough to try to do anything for his or her soul? A bit of remembered verse ran through Jessie's mind, as she looked out of the car window. It was verse with a prayer in it:

Touch my blind eyes, and bid them wake
To see thy tasks along the way—
Thy errands which my hands may take,
And do them gladly for thy sake.

"I will do it," resolved Jessie, soberly. "I will try to be a better preacher."

And, while she preached to others, this temper of hers, what was she to do with that? Yield to it?

Preach one thing, and practice another? Supposing she were a real missionary just now, off in a foreign land, among heathen, would she dare let little things provoke her? Would she not feel compelled to be patient, lest she should cause a reproach against the religion she had come so far to bring to the heathen?

"And it must be harder to keep one's temper always among heathen, than it is to be patient here at home," reflected Jessie, remembering what a rude, impatient heathen the poor Karen slave, Ko-thah-byu, had proved himself, before Dr. Judson and Mr. and Mrs. Wade agreed to take him home and try to live with him, rather than give up all effort for his conversion. The patient efforts of the missionaries for this poor Karen were rewarded, for he became the first convert from his nation, and for thirteen years went about among his countrymen, telling them of the gospel of Jesus, and many of them were converted. And yet the missionaries had to be very patient with Ko-thah-byu.

"If I cannot be patient in a civilized Christian home, what kind of a missionary would I be among the heathen?" Jessie questioned herself.

Was this one reason why the Lord had so far kept her from going as a missionary? Was she not prepared for this larger service that she craved? Did her temper stand in the way?

Very grave were the eyes that looked out of the window as the car sped on. Jessie was thinking deeply.

By-and-by she drew a little blank-book out of her pocket. In the book she wrote these three resolutions:

- "1. With God's help I will learn to control my temper.
- "2. Although now I am compelled to live in this country, away from foreign mission fields, I will try to do everything I can find to do to aid foreign missions, trusting that God will some time let me go as a missionary.
- "3. I will try to do all I can for the salvation of those about me."

Jessie looked at the resolutions after she had written them.

"I don't know but number three ought to be number two," she said to herself. "Anyway, I mean them all, in whichever order I put them."

She put the little book away in her pocket again.

"The next unconverted person that comes to our house, I am going to speak to," she resolved.

Her gray eyes looked up at the sky. There was a prayer in her heart for help. She could not speak to others without asking for higher wisdom than her own.

The next day, Jessie had just finished the noon dishes when there came a knock at the door. A boy of about thirteen stood there.

- "May I have some violets?" he asked.
- "Yes," answered Jessie. "Go and pick what you want."

She went back to the kitchen to put away the tins. As she shut the cupboard door, Jessie suddenly thought of one of her resolutions of yesterday. This boy was the first unconverted person she had met since she made that resolution. She did not believe this lad was a Christian. He used to attend the "brothers'" school, a Catholic institution not far away. But the boy's father had not been satisfied with the little amount of arithmetic his son was being taught by the "brothers," and so had taken the boy away and put him in the public school.

Jessie placed the last tin in the cupboard and stood irresolute. What should she say to this boy? Why had he been the first unconverted person who had come to the house? Did the Lord, who knew of her resolution, send this boy to her? What should she do? Was it anything to her whether he were a Christian or not?

Yes, it was something to her, of course. She wished that all might come to a knowledge of the truth. But this boy! What could she say?

Jessie stepped hesitatingly toward the door. She went out.

"'To preach the gospel,'" she repeated. "How am I going to do it? Lord, help me."

Picking violets is long work. The boy was still picking diligently when Jessie found him. He looked up at her. Jessie smiled.

"It is a good deal of work to pick them, isn't it?" she commented.

Then she saw the boy's arithmetic lying on top of the steps leading to the gate.

"Is that your arithmetic?" asked Jessie, stooping and picking up the book. "Why, that is the same kind of an arithmetic that I used to study—Robinson's! How far are you in it?"

"Over to the page that's turned down," answered the boy.

Jessie found the page. It was one giving a list of examples in the division of one decimal by another.

"There's one example I can't do," continued the boy;
"I'll show you which one it is."

He took the book.

"Here, this is it," he explained, pointing with his stained forefinger to the example. "I tried all the morning in school to get the answer, and I couldn't."

"'Divide one by seven,'" read Jessie; "I guess I can do that. I will get a pencil and paper and show you."

She went into the house and came out again in a moment. She was trying to plan what she meant to say to him. Arithmetic had not turned her from her purpose at all.

Sitting on the steps Jessie did the example, and then tried to explain to the boy the manner in which he should always point off, in the division of one decimal by another.

"Perhaps it was the decimal point that troubled you," suggested Jessie. "I should not be surprised. Do you think you understand it now?"

"I guess so," replied the boy; but Jessie, detecting a little doubt in his tone, went through the explanation again, trying to make it more clear to him.

"I think I can do it now," returned the boy, after she finished talking.

"You are trying to learn arithmetic well now, are you?" continued Jessie.

"Yes'm," answered the boy. "You need to know arithmetic when you go into business. A man ought to know it. It's lots of help."

"I wonder," Jessie went on,—and she could feel herself color a little as she said it, for she was not used to speaking of such things very often, unless it were in church or Sunday-school,—"I wonder if you are trying as hard to be a Christian as you are to learn arithmetic?"

It was almost the only way of which she could think to introduce the subject that had been in her mind ever since she left the kitchen.

The boy looked down at his violets.

"Yes'm," he answered; but Jessie felt that his answer was not that of a person who cared much about the matter.

"It's a good deal more important to be sure we are Christians than it is to understand arithmetic, you know," continued Jessie, gently. "Our souls are worth more than anything else we have."

"Yes'm," replied the boy.

He went down the steps.

"Good-bye," said he.

"Good-bye," repeated Jessie.

She did not feel satisfied with what she had said. She felt that she ought to have made more plain to the boy what it is to be a real Christian. He was removed now, it was true, from the daily influence of the Catholic "brothers," but Jessie felt that the lad was very ignorant.

"I wish I had known better how to talk to him," she said to herself.

What was that promise in the Bible?

"If any of you lack wisdom, let him ask of God, who giveth to all men liberally, and upbraideth not, and it shall be given him."

Would not the Lord especially give wisdom to those who did not know which words were the best to speak about him to others?

"I wonder," Jessie questioned herself, remembering how awkward she had felt when she asked the boy that question, "if I were a missionary in a foreign country, if I would feel so confused when I spoke to heathen people about Christianity? What sort of a missionary would I be if I didn't try to talk to people about becoming Christians any more than I have done in this country?"

That question troubled her somewhat. Jessie, looking narrowly back at her life, felt that, restricted as her opportunities were, there had yet been many people to whom she might have spoken a word, and had not. Was this the spirit of one who wished to be a missionary? The question troubled her still more that afternoon when, glancing through a little missionary pamphlet, she found an article on "The Volunteer's Preparation for the Field." One paragraph struck her forcibly: "Preparation gained by participation in religious work. Home mission effort and foreign are similar. One can, therefore, learn his future trade by working at it now. Personal effort is coming into greater prominence abroad than in the early history of missions. Try it with an unconverted friend. If you do not care enough for his soul to attempt its salvation, why should you care for a heathen's?"

What a question that was! Was it not also a suggestion of truth? Had she not in this land now an opportunity to see whether she was really moved by a longing for the conversion of others, or whether some other motive influenced her to look toward heathen lands?

"Try it with an unconverted friend. If you do not care enough for his soul to attempt its salvation, why should you care for a heather's?"

## CHAPTER III.

### LOOKING FOR HEATHEN.

God had one only Son, and he was a missionary.—David Livingstone.

WILL start early enough to invite any children on the road," thought Jessie, looking at the clock.

It was Sunday morning. The Sunday-school that Jessie attended met at half past nine. Often, while walking the short distance to church, Jessie found children whom she unsuccessfully invited to come to Sunday-school. The Catholics were apt to be going home a little before nine o'clock from morning mass, so Jessie frequently met the children of such people. It seemed as though many of the children had been warned against Protestant Sunday-schools, and although Jessie never mentioned the fact that her Sunday-school was opposed to catholicism, one boy answered her invitation with the words, "I'm a Catholic." "We're all Catholics," was the excuse given by another child. "No'm; I've got to go to church," some one else said, which meant returning to the Catholic church at ten o'clock. One intelligent-looking little girl, who carried milk, and with whom Jessie walked and talked a little once or twice on her way, gave a polite but firm refusal when Jessie invited her to Sunday-school. Jessie had not said a word about the Sunday-school being a Baptist institution, but the wise-faced child evidently suspected it, for she immediately responded: "No'm; I go to church; I'm a Catholic."

Jessie did not attempt to refute the implication that her invitation had been to a Baptist school, but she did continue to walk on with the little milk girl.

"Do you have any Sunday-school at your church?" inquired Jessie.

"There is a Sunday-school, but it's for the Portuguese children," answered the child.

This was the first and only time, however, that Jessie heard of any such provision being made by the Catholics for the instruction of the Portuguese. There were a good many people of this nationality scattered through the district, and almost all of the Portuguese were Catholics. Jessie had tried before this to obtain some hold on some of the Portuguese children, but in vain.

This morning, going across the hill, Jessie saw two Portuguese boys, and stopped to invite them to Sundayschool. One of them said that they would have to go home first, and ask permission to attend. Jessie was so accustomed to this answer from Catholic children that she walked on without any expectation of seeing

the boys at school. In fact, she had invited Portuguese children so many times with such poor success that it was only a sense of duty that made her continue her efforts.

Jessie walked farther over the hill, and stopped, hesitating, at a corner. She knew that about a block and a half away there were two families living side by side. Half a dozen Irish children were in one Catholic family, and some weeks ago the father had promised Jessie that the children might come to Sunday-school. They had not appeared, however, and neither had four other neglected children in the next little house.

"I wonder if I had better go try again?" Jessie questioned herself.

She walked down the hill in that direction. At the foot was a white house. Jessie did not know who lived there, but as she came near one of the Portuguese boys whom she had that morning invited to Sunday-school ran out the back door. He sped across the road just as Jessie stepped across the muddy little ditch.

"My father says my clothes ain't good enough to go to Sunday-school," announced the boy, standing still in front of Jessie.

"Oh, never mind about the clothes," returned Jessie, hastily, as she surveyed the lad from head to foot. "Your clothes are good enough. Tell your father I say so."

There was only a patch on one knee. The boy's

face was very clean. He ran back across the road, and disappeared inside the back door of the house. Jessie walked across the road. At the open side window of the house she saw a young woman, an older one, a young man, and several children.

"May the children come to the Sunday-school?"

asked Jessie.

There was a hushed consultation within. A bright-faced young Portuguese man put his head out the window.

"They'll be ready pretty soon," he answered, in very good English. "You come in the front door."

And Jessie, very much amazed that she had really found any Portuguese that were willing to come to Sunday-school, walked around to the front of the house. The boy who had spoken about his clothes ran down the steps and opened the gate for her. A smiling, dark-eyed little girl stood inside the front room. She was already dressed in her best, with a white handker-chief fastened by a large, black-headed shawl pin on her left side. Jessie thought that the child had perhaps just come home from morning mass. The Portuguese young man who had spoken from the side window came into the room. Jessie sat on a chair inside the open front door.

The little rooms had no carpets on them, but the floors seemed quite clean, and through the open doors Jessie could see a good cooking stove in one room and

a white bed in another. The Portuguese father came and looked into the front room. Jessie and he nodded at each other, and he went away. He seemed to be an austerely sober man, but the oldest son, called Manuel, was friendly.

The mother, Mrs. Pereira, went quickly about, making presentable the other two children who were to go to Sunday-school. She took a white apron out of a small yellow chest in the bedroom, and got a white handkerchief for one little girl. Then she went into the kitchen, and Jessie saw her walk past the open door, holding a nicely ironed, stiff collar out before her. She intended the collar for a boy, whom Jessie had not yet seen, and who was evidently in another room opening from the kitchen.

Meantime the young Portuguese man, Manuel, sat in a chair near a large glass case which held a colored picture of the virgin surrounded by various trinkets of brilliant hue. The entire case was evidently considered very grand-looking, and was the chief adornment of the room. The case and its picture and ornaments must have cost a sacrifice on the part of the poor Portuguese, but the virgin was properly honored according to their ideas.

"We have a class for young men in our Sunday-school," remarked Jessie. "The teacher is a young man who would be glad to have you in his class, I know."

The young Portuguese smiled.

"Next Sunday I will go," he promised. "I will go every Sunday; but to-day I must go over the mountains."

Once again Jessie wondered at the readiness of this family to promise attendance at the Sunday-school. Did they think that she was a Catholic? Jessie happened to glance down at her jacket. Pinned on it was her aluminum badge of the B. Y. P. U. She always wore the badge, and had thought nothing about its possible impression upon these Portuguese. She wondered now if they could have mistaken the badge for some symbol, she knew not what, and hence their readiness to comply with her wishes? Anyway, the children would go with her once to Sunday-school, whatever the motive was. The three children who had appeared seemed friendly. One of the little girls smiled whenever Jessie's eyes met hers, and Franc, the boy who had opened the gate, now stood at the door next to Jessie, and was evidently not hostile, although he was a grave lad and Jessie thought he took the matter of going to Sunday-school in the light of a religious act which must be performed, much as he might say his prayers to the virgin or the saints.

Finally, the invisible boy of the collar appeared. He proved to be a little younger than Franc, being about nine, and was the other boy whom Jessie had invited while crossing the hill.

Jessie and her little procession went out and around

the house. They were going up the road when the mother, Mrs. Pereira, who was watching at the open side-window of the kitchen, called some command in Portuguese, and one of the children, apparently in obedience to the order, pulled her apron up further on her shoulder. The white apron was clean, if there was a hole in one shoulder, and Jessie felt quite elated as she led the four children onward.

"I suppose missionaries feel somewhat this way when they induce heathen children to come to school and be taught," thought Jessie, "only I suppose heathen children would not be as clean as these. I am surprised to see how clean these four children are. I have seen so many Portuguese children who needed cleaning." Franc walked beside her. She asked him questions, and he spoke in so low a voice that it was necessary to listen diligently in order to understand what he said, but Jessie learned from him that he had worked in the cotton mills about a year, and that he intended to go to the evening public school. This, then, was probably what made so grave a person of the boy. He was already helping to earn the living for the family. He had felt responsibility.

"And what is your name?" asked Jessie, turning to the younger boy.

"Lonze," was the answer, as nearly as Jessie could understand, but the older boy translated it as "Laurence." The little girls were named "Delpha" and

"Jetro." Delpha was the one who smiled whenever Jessie looked around. Delpha had rings in her ears, and Jetro had her little dress buttoned in front, up to her chin, with big, white buttons.

Jessie met, near the church, the one who taught the young men's Bible class, and informed him that she thought that Manuel Pereira would be one of the pupils of that class next Sunday.

"I am very glad, I am sure," cordially responded the teacher. "I hope he will come."

Jessie marshalled her four Portuguese children into the church and up to a row of the chairs. The two Portuguese boys sat at her left hand, and the two little girls at her right. Two of Jessie's regular scholars, boys who usually sat with her during the opening exercises, came in, but seeing the new scholars beside Jessie, sat behind her.

During the singing, the Portuguese children looked at the places which Jessie found in the singing-books, and Delpha tried to sing a little, although the tunes were unfamiliar. All four of the Portuguese children were very quiet as they stood with the rest of the school during prayer. When the classes were formed, the superintendent, knowing that the instruction given to the Portuguese children must be extremely simple, and perhaps too elementary to hold the interest of the two American boys, who were the only members of Jessie's regular class present that Sunday, put the boys

into another teacher's class, leaving her the Portuguese. The superintendent spoke kindly to the four strangers, and gave Jessie some primary class papers for the children.

Jessie prepared to write in her class book the names of her new scholars, as they promised her they would come every Sunday. Thoughts of a large Portuguese class arose before her enthusiastic vision.

"I wonder if I could have a little room to teach them in?" she thought. "I wish, even with these four scholars, I had some little place where I could teach them simple tunes to sing; hymns that contain the heart of the gospel truth. I hope I have made a beginning with the Portuguese, anyway."

Meantime she began to write the names of the four Portuguese, who were sitting so quietly that Jessie, accustomed to the mischief of American boys, congratulated herself. She thought of the Chinese boys who are taught absolute obedience at home, and the greatest respect for any one who teaches. Perhaps the Portuguese might also possess part of these oriental virtues as scholars.

"I guess I'm eight, and I guess I'm seven," announced Delpha, whom Jessie questioned, writing the child's name.

Jetro Pereira was six years old, Lawrence was "nine and ten," and Franc "guessed" he was thirteen.

The lesson of the day was in Proverbs, but Jessie

omitted it, and took for her subject, the story of the Christ. She did not know how long these Portuguese children would continue to be her scholars. She knew, at least, that she was their teacher for this one Sunday. She would make the way of salvation as plain as she could to them this day.

The children evidently knew about some incidents in Christ's life. They knew of his being in a manger—"kind of like a little cow about him," Franc explained, having evidently seen some picture representing animals around the humble cradle of the Christ child. And when Jessie drew on a piece of white paper the shape of a cross, the children knew what it was. Jessie questioned them about what was put on Christ's head, and Franc, unable to remember the English word "thorns" said, "Like what roses have."

The children did not know the story of blind Bartimeus, and Jessie told it, as well as the story of Christ's raising Jairus' daughter from the dead. The four scholars sat quietly listening, and Jessie appreciated their attention.

"I suppose they have been taught that they must behave when they go to the Catholic church, and they think they must be good here too," thought she.

She taught them three very short verses. The first was, "Thou God seest me." She explained it, and had each child say it separately a number of times. Jessie mentioned various things that God would see if

done, and when she was talking about stealing, Franc said, "My mother would whip me if I steal."

Jessie did not say a word about the worship of the virgin, thinking it best not to mention her at all, but tried to impress upon the children the necessity of asking Jesus for forgiveness. She taught two more verses, "Christ died for us," and "God is love." By the time that the Sunday-school session was nearly over, the four Portuguese seemed to have learned the verses quite well. Most clearly had she tried to put before the children the importance of seeking forgiveness from Christ, and Franc said he did do so. Jessie wondered if he meant that he did so through the intercession of the virgin or the saints, but she did not ask.

"One teacher has been out this week, and gathered in a whole class," stated the superintendent from his table, and Jessie knew he meant her class. A teacher in front of her bent around to look at the four Portuguese. Jessie, meantime, laid enthusiastic plans for her future work among these foreigners.

The session of the school ended, and the Portuguese children went away, reiterating their promise to come again next Sunday. Jessie thought that perhaps she might get a Portuguese New Testament for each of the two families of her scholars, as she had discovered that Delpha Sebastiano belonged to a different family from the Pereiras. Franc had said that his oldest brother,

Manuel, could read Portuguese, and so could their father, Mr. Pereira. Delpha Sebastiano also had stated that her father could read Portuguese, "some"; she qualified her remark as if aware that her father's knowledge of reading was not very extensive. But Jessie thought, if she could, she would get two New Testaments in Portuguese for the families. There was one problem that puzzled her. Jessie had seen in the Pereira household a girl of about eighteen, who had looked into the front room from the kitchen. Jessie had included this girl in her invitations to Sundayschool, and the older brother, Manuel, had said that she would go. But afterward, in questioning the children about the family, Jessie had understood Franc to say that this girl, whose name was Maria, could not talk.

"Oh, is she dumb?" asked Jessie.

"She talks so I don't know what she says," explained the boy.

Jessie wondered now, how she could reach such a girl, one who could not talk Portuguese so that her own brother could understand, and one who probably could not speak English at all. And in the other home there was a young man, a Manuel Sebastiano, Delpha said. Perhaps, if Manuel Pereira came to Sunday-school, Manuel Sebastiano might also be persuaded to come, as the two Portuguese families seemed to be very friendly with one another. Delpha had said that they had sold

the Pereiras the house they now lived in. The Sebastianos lived in the next house, although Delpha seemed like one of the Pereira family, she was so much at home among them.

"It's like being a missionary, just a little," Jessie said to herself, as she went home. "Oh, I am so glad I found those Portuguese to-day."

She remembered that, coming over that morning, she had passed a grocery store much frequented by Portuguese and had seen a dozen or more Portuguese young men, with a drum and cornets, forming themselves into ranks to march. She did not know where they were going, but she supposed to some Portuguese picnic. The young men played passably well, and the sound of the cornets drew young Portuguese and other boys to witness what was happening.

Jessie had passed the store, noticing the company and wishing that such things need not be on Sunday; wishing too, that all these Portuguese were not bound so closely to the church of Rome. Perhaps some of these young men had been at mass that morning. Others might not care enough about religion to go inside a church, even if it were a Catholic one. Jessie had gone on, wondering if she, or any one else, could ever do anything for the Portuguese. She was more hopeful about them now as she walked home.

"I have made a beginning," she told herself, cheerfully. "If I cannot go to Burma, or China, or Japan,

or Africa, or Ecuador, just now, I have made a beginning among the Portuguese! Four children are not to be despised, and I will not be discouraged about the Portuguese again."

She was happy in planning for the future as she hurried down the hill and across a little bridge, and up another little hill toward the street on which her home stood. She thought of her third resolution: "I will try to do all I can for the salvation of those about me."

When she reached home and went about her work, her thoughts were still busy with her resolution, planning what she could do to carry it into effect.

While washing the dishes the thought came to her:
"That includes the Portuguese! Dear Lord, help
me to reach them."

With this prayer, realizing she was invoking great and powerful aid, she rested content.

# CHAPTER IV.

### THE TRIALS OF MISSION WORK.

"I am only one, but I am one; I cannot do everything, but I can do something; what I can do, I ought to do; and what I ought to do, by the grace of God I will do."

JESSIE did not succeed in getting a Portuguese New Testament before the next Sunday.

"That's a dialect that we don't have much call for," said the gentleman of whom she tried to buy a New Testament in Portuguese.

"I think I shall have to wait till the next time I go over to the city," Jessie concluded at last. "It's a wonder there are not more calls for Portuguese New Testaments, considering how many Portuguese live here. I wonder if Christian people are not trying very much to work among the Portuguese? From the way that bookseller spoke, one would hardly imagine how many Portuguese there are scattered through this county. There are a good many in this town. How many there must be in this whole county who need the gospel!"

Meantime, Sunday approached and something must be done. She must prepare herself for that class. Jessie had no picture cards with Bible texts, but she had some very pretty, good-sized advertising cards, ornamented with pictures of brightly colored birds. The advertisement part of the cards did not take up much room, only a little space down in the corner of each card.

"I believe I will use some of those cards for my Portuguese class," thought Jessie.

So she took four of the bird cards and with a pair of scissors easily scraped off the words of the clothing house advertisement without injuring the cards very much. The bright birds alone remained. Jessie then took her pen and ink and wrote a Bible text beneath each picture.

"I am sorry I cannot write the text in Portuguese," she reflected. "If I had a Portuguese Testament, I could copy a text in printing letters. I will try to get a Testament before long."

She had decided to put on the cards the little prayer: "Create in me a clean heart, O God."

"I will talk to the children about that next Sunday," determined Jessie.

So at the bottom of each card, in the large print letters, such as a child learns first, Jessie had written the little prayer. She did not know whether any of the Portuguese children—unless, perhaps, it might be Franc—could read at all, but she would make the large print letters so that there might be a possibility of their being read.

With these cards inside her Bible, Jessie journeyed toward the church the following Sunday morning. On the way, she saw two small boys, and stopped to ask them if they would not come to Sunday-school. One boy did not know; the other said he must ask his grandmother. This boy ran across the road, where two women were talking together before a small house. Jessie could hear the boy telling his grandmother that the lady wanted him to go to Sunday-school. The grandmother looked at him.

"Get along into the house with you," she cried, threateningly. "Going to Sunday-school!"

Jessie could not hear exactly what more the woman said, but the word "Sunday-school" was spoken again in contemptuous tones.

The little boy went inside the gate as his grandmother commanded. The other boy went by.

"And are you going to Sunday-school?" asked the grandmother, in more civil tones, but with sarcasm in her voice.

Evidently the second boy was not hers, so she had not the authority over him she had over the other one. But the second boy was wise. He shook his head silently and passed on. Jessie saw the other unfortunate victim of her invitation going up the path inside the gate.

"I am sorry I invited them," murmured Jessie to herself, in consternation. "I had no idea that those two women over there were Catholics and had any connection with that boy or I would not have said anything."

The two women had not pretended to notice Jessie at all across the street, but the girl knew they had seen her, and perhaps some of the remarks were meant for her benefit.

"I will be more careful with my invitations next time," she determined, hurrying on toward the turn in the road which would lead her to the houses where the Portuguese scholars lived. Jessie wondered if they would be ready to go with her to Sunday-school. She had come early enough, so that if she had to wait for the children to be made ready, she would not be late to school.

She could not see anybody outside the Pereira's white house as she approached it from the rear. She was afraid at first that the children might not yet have come home from morning mass at the Catholic church.

The side window of the kitchen was open, and Jessie saw inside the room the eldest daughter, the one whom her brother had said he could not understand when she spoke. The Portuguese girl was looking out, watching Jessie.

"May the children go to Sunday-school this morning?" asked Jessie, smiling up at the face inside the kitchen.

The Portuguese girl did not attempt to answer.

She only looked at Jessie, and then went away from the window, presumably to communicate with some one else.

Jessie walked around to the front of the house. There were the two little Portuguese girls in soiled dresses. Their brown feet were bare.

"It is a good thing I came early enough so they will have time to get ready before Sunday-school," thought Jessie. Delpha smiled as Jessie spoke over the fence, asking:

"Are you going to Sunday-school this morning, dear?"

"Yes," answered Delpha.

But the front door opened, and the father, Mr. Pereira, appeared on the little porch.

"Good morning," Jessie greeted him; "may the children go to Sunday-school to-day?"

The Portuguese man sternly shook his head.

"No," he answered; "they no go. You no teach Mareé."

He talked on, but in English so poorly pronounced that Jessie could hardly follow it. She caught the words "Mareé," "priest," and understood that he said her church was not the same kind of a church as the "other church down there," meaning the Catholic. Jessie wondered how he knew that she did not believe in the worship of the virgin, or "Mareé," as Mr. Pereira called her.

"I am sure I never mentioned her last Sunday," thought Jessie.

Aloud she replied: "But the young man told me that the children would go to Sunday-school every Sunday."

"I know," rejoined the father, and then he went on trying to explain, but the words were mostly unintelligible to Jessie. The idea was not, however. She knew well enough what that was. Her church was not a Catholic one, and he would not have the children go where "Mareé" was not adored.

The father saw that Jessie could not well comprehend his words, and turning to Delpha, told her to translate.

Delpha's clear voice piped forth, as she swung her bare foot on the railing of the little porch. "He says your church isn't like his, down there."

"No go! I won't let 'em!" definitely ended the father.

"I am sorry," answered Jessie, gently.

The Portuguese mother had come to the porch. Jessie leaned over the gate and held out her bouquet of roses.

"Do you want them?" she questioned, as Delpha's brown feet ran down the steps.

"Thank you," returned the child, and Jessie turned to go, after bidding them good-bye.

"Good-bye, good-bye!" called Delpha, waving her hand.

Jessie went around the house to climb the road. She stopped an instant outside the back gate. From her Bible she took one of the bright-colored cards with "Create in me a clean heart, O God," written on it. She put the card inside the upper part of the gate, so that whoever came out of the house could not fail to see the bright picture. Then she started to go up the hill road.

But before she had reached the corner of the block she heard a cry behind her.

"Good-bye! Good-bye!" called two voices, and turning, Jessie saw that the back door of the cottage was open, and Delpha and Jetro stood there waving their hands.

"Good-bye! good-bye!" chorused the children again, and Jessie turned back.

They ran down the steps to the little gate as Jessie came toward it. There, before she arrived, the children found the picture card. Another younger child was inside the gate. Jessie gave them two more cards, so that each child had one with the same prayer, "Create in me a clean heart, O God."

"It means that we must ask God for a new heart," explained Jessie, hastily, not knowing what Mr. and Mrs. Pereira might think of her talking to the children over the back gate.

"Yes," returned Delpha, as if she understood. "Good-bye. Too bad we don't go to-day."

The little girls waved their hands after Jessie until she reached the corner of the block, where she would turn to go out of sight.

"Good-bye! Good-bye!" the childish cry came after her, and Jessie's eyes were full of tears as she waved farewell. She could do nothing more for the children. The parents wished to do what they thought right and best for their children's welfare. There could be no doubt of that fact.

But the children's "Good-bye" meant so much in Jessie's ears. It was not good-bye to her alone, but good-bye to the instruction they ought to receive now; good-bye to the truths of the Bible that Rome forbids her people to read; good-bye, perhaps, to salvation.

"Good-bye! Good-bye!"

It was no wonder that the tears welled up in Jessie's eyes, and overflowed as she walked up the hillside alone.

"O Church of Rome!" she murmured; "how strong you are! What can I do against your strength?"

She had had only one Sunday in which to impress these children. She had taught them as faithfully as she knew how, in the short time alloted to her. Had it done any good at all to teach them? And she could do nothing more for these children, nothing! It was all over.

Yes, there was one thing still remaining. She could pray for them.

"Dear Lord, enter into those families blinded by Romanism. Be with Delpha, and Jetro, and Laurence, and Franc. Bless the little truth I did have a chance to teach them. It was so little, dear Lord; but it was all I could teach," was what her heart said as she continued on her way.

Did he not care? Did he not take more interest in these children than she did? Could she doubt it?

Jessie reached the Sunday-school room. She was early, and when the superintendent entered a few moments later, Jessie confessed her failure.

The superintendent smiled, and told her his own experience with some Portuguese children. There were several who lived on the road that he used to take in going to Sunday-school and other places, and he on week days, having a microscope with him, had become quite well acquainted and friendly with the Portuguese children by showing them flowers through the microscope. By-and-by he asked the children to come to Sunday-school. They said they could not.

"But why?" asked the superintendent. "Why can't you come?"

Finally one of the children confessed: "Father won't let us."

So it was hard either to gain or to keep Portuguese scholars.

"At least," said Jessie to the teacher of the young men's Bible class who sat near her, and whom she had informed that he would not have the expected young Portuguese man, Manuel, as a scholar, "I did-teach those children three Bible verses. I made the children repeat those verses again and again last Sunday. I don't know as it did any good, for I suppose Mr. Pereira will tell the children to forget everything they learned at this Baptist Sunday-school as fast as possible."

"Probably," returned the fellow-teacher. "And yet possibly the three verses may do some good. You cannot tell. Even as little as that may accomplish something."

As Jessie sorrowfully opened her Bible to the Sunday-school lesson for the day, she remembered a saying of Charles Dudley Warner: "In America we are confronted by degeneration as well as by barbarism, and as long as there are any people in the country, we shall never be out of a Christian job."

"No, I suppose not," gravely admitted the girl to herself; "but I don't like to have this one taken out of my hands."

And then she remembered that this was similar to the trials that a foreign missionary might have to endure, the taking away from under her influence of children who had just begun to hear the truth and were the right age to receive it readily. It was a sore trial. And Jessie felt especially discouraged, because she had perceived the power of the Catholic Church over its adherents.

"Who can break such power?" her weak faith questioned; and as she turned the leaves of her Bible, she found her answer: "The battle is not yours, but God's." "The Lord saveth not with sword and spear: for the battle is the Lord's." "God hath chosen the foolish things of the world to confound the wise; and God hath chosen the weak things of the world to confound the things which are mighty; and base things of the world, and things which are despised, hath God chosen, yea, and things which are not, to bring to naught things that are: that no flesh should glory in his presence." "Not by might, nor by power, but by my Spirit, saith the Lord of hosts."

It was God's battle, not hers. She had forgotten that. And she had become discouraged the first thing. She thought of Carey, working for seven years in India without a single convert, and then Krishna Pal's conversion! Look at Mary Moffat, toiling to reach the heathen minds, not one man or woman seeming to be in the least interested in salvation; and see that missionary, when a friend in England wrote asking what presents would be of use to her, answering: "Send us a communion service; we shall want it some day." And Mary Moffat's faith was rewarded, for although that communion service was long in coming, yet it

came at last and just in time, for it arrived the day before the day on which the first six converts were to be received into the church! Nearly three years had passed since Mary Moffat wrote her prophetic words asking for that communion service. God saw his servant's faith and granted her request. Jessie felt ashamed of her own faint-heartedness when she remembered the patient toil of such missionaries. Had not God the same power still? Could he not conquer Romanism as well as heathenism?

"Oh," she thought, "it was only the other day that I was reading that Mr. Richards, Baptist missionary on the Congo, in Africa, had to work seven years before he saw a single convert at Banza Manteke! Dear Lord, how far I fall behind thy missionaries! Grant me patience in the work."

And turning to the day's lesson, Jessie remembered that Judson too, had to wait years for a convert in Burma, and Morrison waited and worked seven years for a convert in China! And how could she have forgotten what she saw in "The Kingdom," that the first two converts among the fierce Matebele tribe in South Africa had been baptized after thirty-six years of missionary labor!

What an amount of patience and consecration toil on such fields must demand! "Let us not be weary in well doing: for in due season we shall reap, if we faint not."

## CHAPTER V.

#### IDEAS FOR WORK.

"Such as I have give I thee," said Peter to the lame beggar. God makes his human servants the channel of his grace to the needy. The heathen world lieth in the wicked one, helpless as the lame man, and like him can be raised. Such as you have, your prayers, your money, your life, are you giving them? Can you withhold them and be true to him who loved us and gave himself for us?—Rev. John M. Foster.

JESSIE went up the stairs of the free library, and walked quietly into the room. She went across to the cases of reference books. She was bent on finding some information about the Portuguese from a religious point of view. There did not seem to be much about them in the books and papers that were at home, although information concerning China and Assam, India and Burma, Africa, and various European and home mission fields abounded, for Aunt Abby and Jessie's mother always kept a "missionary corner" in the book-case, and the boundaries of the "corner" were constantly growing. The love for missions was very bright in the little home, and the missionary corner of the book-case had much to do with that love. For it is impossible for us to be interested in anything that we do not know about, and we shall be much more likely to know if we read, than if we merely take our knowledge of missions from hearsay now and then. And no Christian ought to be ignorant of missions.

Jessie found a book at last, and seating herself at a table, read the following concerning the Bible in Portuguese:

"Of Portuguese versions, only two have become especially known. A Catholic version, with annotations by Anton Ferara de Figueiredo, was published in Lisbon, 1778-1790, in twenty-three volumes. The third edition, in seven volumes, and greatly improved, was published 1804-1819. A Protestant version is the translation of John Ferreira d'Almeida. The new Testament was published at Batavia, in 1693; Amsterdam, 1712; Tranquebar, 1765; the Old Testament between 1719 and 1732, also at Tranquebar. A version based on Almeida's translation was made by the Rev. Thomas Boys, and published at the expense of the Trinitarian Bible Society, London, 1843-47. Almeida's version was often republished by the British and Foreign Bible Society, but because the style and language are so stiff and antiquated that it repels readers instead of attracting them, this edition was not so favorably received as was anticipated. From time to time this society issued revised editions, especially of the New Testament, in a modernized style and idiom, which appeared to give great satisfaction. In 1874, the same society issued at Lisbon a thoroughly revised edition of Almeida's version. Another edition followed in 1877. The same society which, since 1819 published Figueiredo's Bible, published in 1878 an edition with alternative readings from the Hebrew and Greek, under the care of the Rev. Robert Stewart. Besides the British Society, the American Bible Society published in 1859 an edition of the New Testament after a version made in London from the Greek.

"In spite of the many revisions the need of a better and more accurate translation of the Bible in the Portuguese language is generally recognized by the Protestant missionaries and laborers in Portugal and Brazil, and the American and British Bible Societies have taken steps for the formation of translation committees in Spain and Brazil, for the production of a new version of the Scriptures, which will be acceptable on both sides of the Atlantic. The committee, representing the Episcopalian, Presbyterian, Baptist, and Wesleyan churches have prepared, under the presidency of Rev. R. Stewart, the Gospel of Matthew, which was published in 1886, and that of Mark in 1877. As an interesting item we remark that the editor of a newpaper has asked and obtained leave to publish the new version in his paper."

Jessie's face lighted up with interest as she read further:

"He thought the new version would interest the the Portuguese people, then!" she thought. "They do care for such things! They must, or no editor would want to use space in his paper to publish the Scriptures."

She looked back on the page.

"I am proud of my denomination," she thought.

"The Baptists do aspire to the best things—accuracy and clearness in translation."

There was another item that pleased her, and gave her a new idea. A specimen verse of the Portuguese New Testament from John 3:16, was given in the encyclopædia, and read as follows:

"Porque de tal maneira amou Deos ao mundo, que deo a seu Filho unigenito; para que todo aquelle que nelle crê, não pereça, mas tenha a vida eterna."

"I know what I will do," resolved Jessie, "I will copy that verse, and take it home with me, as I have no Portuguese Testament yet, and I will make some copies of it on slips of paper and give them to the Portuguese children, and pin the slips in places around where I know the Portuguese live. And perhaps, who knows, that Bible verse will be blessed to somebody. That is a verse that has been blessed to the English, and I don't know why it should not be blessed to the Portuguese."

She procured a piece of paper and copied the words carefully.

"I am so glad to have that verse!" she said to herself.

She would copy slips of that the next time she had a few spare minutes at home.

There was an upper portion to the library, a gallery lined with books, reports, and bound magazines. Several divisions of the shelves were assigned to religious works. Any person might examine them, and Jessie climbed the narrow stairs, and tried to find something additional in the books about the topic on which she sought information. It seemed to be very difficult to find what she desired, but in one book she discovered an account of the expulsion of the Jesuits from Portugal.

"If the rest of the Roman Catholic priests had been expelled too, perhaps the Portuguese would be different nowadays," thought Jessie.

The gallery was quite dark, so she took the book to the head of the stairway, and there read of the Jesuit expulsion from Portugal, through the efforts of Cavalho, Marquis of Pombal, minister of King Joseph Emanuel I.

"It was in Portugal," she read, "that they (the Jesuits) first received the heaviest blow. Pombal determined to put down the Jesuit influence in Portugal. He began, in 1757, by dismissing the Jesuit chaplains of the royal family, and by replacing them with ordinary priests. Other measures conceived in the same spirit followed. An attempt was made to assassinate the king. He was wounded, but not mortally. Some

of the highest nobles, women as well as men, were arrested and brought to the scaffold. Jesuits with whom they were intimate were accused, without sufficient proof, of complicity in the plot. The whole society was charged with treasonable intentions. A decree was issued by which they were deposed from their places in all schools and universities, and banished in a body from Portugal and its dependencies. They were conveyed to Italy in crowded ships, in which they endured much hardship."

Jessie glanced down at the clock. It was time to be going home. She had been away, giving two sisters their music lessons. She must hurry back to the little home to help about supper, but she went from the library with a glow of pleasure in her heart.

"I have found one more thing to do for home missions," she decided, thinking of the Portuguese Bible verse (John 3:16). "I wonder if Aunt Abby wouldn't like to copy slips too? Poor Aunt Abby! She always tries to do all the good she can, and she has so few opportunities, being sick so much! She writes a good, clear hand yet. I will tell her about this verse and show her my copy. She and I can write slips together."

Jessie intended to buy some Portuguese Testaments just as soon as she could afford to do so. But she was not sure whether the Portuguese men, in some families, might not destroy the Testaments. It would not make

so much difference, if the slips of paper were destroyed. They would cost nothing but time and labor, and could be readily replaced. Jessie resolved that when she bought the Portuguese Testaments, she would keep one herself, and copy other parts of Scripture besides John 3:16. In this way she could always have slips that would be so much better than Portuguese tracts—because they would be a part of the Bible.

"I am sure Aunt Abby will be delighted to help," thought Jessie. "I am so glad to have found a new idea in mission work!"

After supper she went out again to try another plan of which she had thought in connection with missions. There was to be a foreign mission social at her church the next evening. Jessie had had a good many little envelopes to distribute for that social, the envelopes being intended for distribution beforehand, and bringing back on the social evening with contributions of money. Aunt Abby and Jessie's mother had some money in their envelopes, ready for to-morrow evening. All three of these people believed in giving a tenth and more of their money, but there was so many causes worthy of being given to that sometimes there was hardly as much money as Jessie and her mother and aunt longed to be able to give. The money from the music scholars was not due yet; Aunt Abby's "Dowithout" box had been emptied by her for a foreign mission collection of the women's circle several weeks before this. Aunt Abby, however, had succeeded in selling a rag-man part of a collection of rubbish from the wood-shed, the collection containing two potato-sacks, a piece of lead pipe, an old bird cage, a handleless old hatchet, some rags, and an old teakettle that was no longer used around the house. Twenty cents was the result of Aunt Abby's bargain, and she put the money into her mission envelope, wishing the sum was much larger, but thankful to have anything to give. Meantime, Jessie having recently paid a grocery bill and the last month's pew rent, had no money left, and had been in a quandary as to where she was to obtain anything to put into her envelope. To-night, however, she was going to try a new idea. She held a little black satchel in her hand as she walked briskly onward. By-and-by she arrived at a house on a corner. rang the bell, and a light-haired young woman with a pleasant face came to the door.

"Yes, Mr. Kulman is in now," she said, in reply to Jessie's question, adding: "Come in."

Jessie followed the woman through the hall to the door of the front room. It was only half-past six, but one of the gas jets of the chandelier above the long, yellow, polished table, that took up almost the entire room, was lighted. The light, and the clean, yellow wood, made the room look very cheery. An intelligent-appearing young man stood near a desk, and the pigeon-holes above it held a good many papers.

"Rob," began the young woman, who was evidently his wife, "this is the young lady I told you about. She called here to-day, and I told her you would be home this evening. She has some stamps to sell—some Japanese stamps, I believe, aren't they?"

She turned to Jessie.

"I haven't many Japanese," answered Jessie, smiling. "Only three of them. But I have some Sandwich Island stamps, and a good many United States, and some English, all cancelled, of course. I saw the little stamp-booth your firm had at the fair; and then, the other day, going by this house, I saw your sign again, 'Stamps Bought,' so I went home and picked up what stamps we had, and I have brought them, now."

As she talked, Jessie opened her little satchel. She took out three little bunches of United States two-cent stamps that she and her mother had cut from letters around the house.

"There are three hundred stamps in those bunches,"
Jessie said, putting the three on the long table.

She drew out her other stamps. The stamp-dealer did not pay much attention to her miscellaneous collection of three, and four, and five-cent United States stamps, and her large bunch of one-cent stamps. He was waiting to see the Sandwich Island stamps. There were a dozen or so of those. Jessie spread them out on the table, with the three Japanese stamps, and a

Jessie had a good many partially mutilated United States stamps in a separate package, but the stampdealer did not care for them. He did not care for two of the blue Sandwich Island stamps either, because there had been a little piece torn out of the king's head on each of them.

The stamp-dealer looked over Jessie's spread-out collection, and he smiled as he touched the little packets of United States twos.

"United States stamps are not worth much," he informed her. "Only about a cent a hundred for those twos. Two cents a hundred for the ones. Of course any person here, who makes a collection of stamps, doesn't care much for a good many of those of this country,—for the most common stamps, that is. Japanese stamps are worth about sixty cents a hundred. Those Sandwich Island stamps are the best you have."

He eyed the scattered stamps carefully.

"Take them altogether, they're worth about fifteen cents," concluded the stamp-dealer; "United States stamps and all."

Jessie nodded.

"All right," she agreed.

The young man felt in his pocket, and then went away into another part of the house to get the right change.

"Thank you," responded Jessie, when he paid her

on his return. "How is it about Chinese stamps?

Are they valuable?"

"They would be better than anything you have there," declared the stamp-dealer, nodding toward Jessie's collection on the table. "Chinese stamps don't come to this country very much. I think the folks in China buy the stamps of the government, and some way the government keeps the Chinese ones, and folks use American stamps on the letters sent here. I don't understand about it, exactly. But Chinese stamps would be somewhat more valuable than Japanese ones."

"I have just been elected corresponding secretary of a missionary society," stated Jessie, as she arose to go, "and I thought I should like to know about the stamps. I am going to save them when I get letters from the missionaries to whom I have to write."

The stamp-dealer smiled.

"Was it a missionary who wrote to you from the Sandwich Islands?" asked the stamp-dealer's wife, who was standing in the doorway, listening.

"It was a girl I know," replied Jessie. "She went there to teach in a mission school for the native girls, and she used to write to me."

"I suppose she could get a good many Sandwich Island stamps, couldn't she?" questioned the dealer, evidently with an eye to business.

"I suppose she could have secured them if she had

thought of it," returned Jessie. "But she isn't in the Sandwich Islands now. How is it about Persian stamps?"

"They're real good," nodded the dealer. "Persian stamps are valuable enough, so much so that I've heard that sometimes they are stolen going through the mails."

"Oh!" exclaimed Jessie, surprised.

She bade the dealer and his wife good-bye. It was still somewhat light as the girl walked rapidly homeward.

"Now I can put fifteen cents into my envelope for the missionary social," thought Jessie. "That is little enough, but it is better than nothing! I do wish everybody in our church would bring fifteen cents! We would have a good deal bigger collection than I am afraid we shall have."

She was so glad she had thought of selling the stamps; so glad she had seen the sign.

"I wish," Jessie said to herself, "I could have seen that lot of letters that Mrs. Parrish said one of the foreign secretaries burnt when she resigned her office. There must have been a number of letters from Japan, and perhaps from China, among them, I should think. The letters were not needed any more, but that secretary would have saved the stamps from the letters, I am pretty sure, if she had known that she could have sold the stamps for the benefit of foreign missions.

There is nothing like learning how to make every least bit of one's resources tell. I think of that question so often, 'What is that in thine hand?'"

Jessie sighed a little. She was thinking how, on the last prayer-meeting eyening, she had met a girl, a member of the same church, and had offered her an envelope for the mission social. The girl refused the envelope.

"You are always busy at that, are you not?" commented the girl.

"At foreign mission work?" questioned Jessie.

"Yes," replied her friend; "I believe more in home work."

"It is all one work, home or foreign," returned Jessie, patiently, for she had heard the old criticism often enough before.

But she could not persuade the girl to take an envelope.

"We are both the Lord's workers, I hope," mused Jessie now as she walked home from the stamp-dealer's. "Only I wish some Christian people did not feel as they do about foreign missions. That was a dreadful accusation I read the other day, 'The selfishness of the church, as a whole, is the only reason why a knowledge of the gospel has not covered the earth to-day as the waters cover the sea.'"

She remembered also another statement she had read:

"If every church-member made it his or her business to give the gospel to twenty persons annually in heathendom, five years would not have elapsed till every creature on earth would have heard the glad tidings of salvation."

And the solemn question of the Holy Writ came to her memory: "If thou forbear to deliver them that are drawn unto death, and those that are ready to be slain; if thou sayest, behold, we knew it not; doth not He that pondereth the heart consider it?" "And shall not He reward every man according to his works?"

To turn away from mission appeals, to take "no interest" in them, what a little thing it seemed to do, and yet what a solemnly responsible thing it was!

Jessie was thankful that she could do this little thing of selling stamps for that missionary envelope. She wished she could give much more.

"But blessed be stamp collectors!" she said that night, as she put the little money inside her envelope. "If it hadn't been for them, I wouldn't have this to give. Let me see. Wasn't it a million dollars that I saw the Czar of Russia's collection of stamps is worth? I am going to cut the stamp from every letter and paper wrapper that comes into our house hereafter. I wonder if I could help foreign missions in any other way that I haven't thought of yet?"

Jessie's question was answered for her several weeks

later, when she was in a certain church, attending a women's missionary convention. The session was prolonged until evening, and the entertaining church gave supper to the ladies. Seated next one end of the long table, Jessie engaged in conversation with her right-hand neighbor.

"Yes, we have a foreign mission band for boys in our church," replied the woman, in answer to a question Jessie had asked. "My boy used to belong to it. He would go every time. He used to think so much of it. The week before he died he went to his mission band."

"How long is it since he died?" asked Jessie, gently.

She had never known the boy. She had never before heard of his death. Jessie only barely knew his mother, having seen her several times at missionary gatherings. But to-day as the two sat next each other, there was more opportunity than there had ever before been to speak together.

"He died last year," replied the mother. "He was coming home from school, and some boys were running after him, and he fell, striking his back on the curb. He came home, and he didn't seem to be feeling badly, but next day he was taken sick, and he suffered terribly after that. There were nights and nights that I sat up with him. Oh, he suffered so! The doctors said it was cerebro-spinal meningitis."

Jessie's face grew very pitiful.

"It is so hard to see one we love very much suffering like that," she said. "To see one suffer, and not be able to help!"

"Oh," rejoined the mother. "Yes. When he died, I was thankful. His dreadful pain was over. He was only eleven years old, but he was a Christian boy. I haven't a doubt of that. And I was so thankful when it was all over—though I missed him so!"

"Yes," returned Jessie, simply. "I know."

She did know. She had watched a life dearer to her than her own, go out through slow days of distress. She knew what it was to thank God with all her crushed heart that that one's life was ended, since there was also an end of the pain.

The mother's low voice went on, speaking to Jessie: "After my boy died, I looked over his things, and he had a great many cards—picture cards, advertisement cards, and so on. A good many of them were very pretty. There were three hundred or more of them, and I took them—my boy was so interested in foreign missions—and I sent them to one of the lady missionaries in China, Miss Scott, at Swatow. I heard that the missionaries could use such cards by writing a verse in Chinese from the Bible on each card, you know, and then giving the cards away. And I wrote Miss Scott all about my boy, and I

had such a beautiful letter from her, answering me."

"You don't know how much good those cards may have done in China, before now," suggested Jessie. "Perhaps they have been the means of the conversion of somebody, already."

"I thought my boy would like to have me send the cards there," answered the mother. "Some few of his cards I couldn't bear to part with. I have those yet."

Jessie did not reply. But the next day after that of the mission meeting, she hunted through the house at home, and found some cards. She put them into a large square box on a shelf.

"I want all the picture cards that come into the house hereafter," she announced.

"Are picture cards missionary resources too?" her mother asked.

"Yes," answered Jessie; "I never thought before about saving them."

"The missionaries can use pictures in Burma and Africa too," murmured Aunt Abby from the lounge, where she was confined just now by rheumatism. "If you will hand me the file of the 'Helping Hand,' Jessie, I will show you a place I was reading the other day."

Jessie did as requested, and Aunt Abby pointed to something which Jessie read aloud as follows: "Miss Bunn, of Zigon, Burma, asks, 'Don't you know of some circle or band that will send me a box for my school? Even patchwork and advertising cards will be thankfully received.'"

And again: "Miss Howard writes June 11, from Lukungu, Congo, 'One thing I want very much for my Sunday-school, which numbered ninety-three last Sunday. Will you not ask for Scripture rolls for them? They are so fond of pictures. Those used by the home schools last year will do. They would help so much in explaining and fixing Bible stories in their minds. Please do not forget to mention this.'"

In another "Helping Hand," Jessie found mention of Miss Scott, of Swatow, China, and the use of picture cards: "In October I took my first trip alone. I went to our chapel at Tang-Ou, one of our oldest stations. The two weeks spent there were of great help to me in learning to talk the Chinese language. My plan was to have a daily class for women and children in the morning, and to go out to do the housework in the afternoon. Each morning four or five women came to read and write; a number of children were glad to learn the Scripture verses, in order to get one of the pretty picture cards, on which the passage was written in Chinese characters."

"So the Chinese children learn the verses on the cards," commented Jessie. "That's a good idea. Let us save all the cards that we can."

"You will know all your missionary resources before long, won't you?" inquired Aunt Abby, feebly.

Her little pile of slips on which she had carefully copied in print letters the Portuguese words of John 3:16, lay on the sewing machine, ready for Jessie to distribute when she could. Poor Aunt Abby! She did all she was able to do, in her age and feebleness. She had been very glad to help Jessie about the slips, and would do so again.

"I don't know," Jessie said, as she answered her aunt's question; "it doesn't seem as if there was any end to learning how to do good."

And to herself she added reverently the old question:
"What is that in thine hand?"

What unthought-of resources did she yet have that she might learn to draw from to furnish help for the Lord's work, whether at home or abroad?

Jessie had a hint awhile after this, of the way in which a boy might earn a nickel or two for mission purposes, providing his family was in the habit of eating a good deal of meat. In a large family, a boy might find the plan practicable, although it was a very homely one, indeed.

One forenoon, when Jessie was out sweeping the front steps, she saw, half a block below her, a rag-bag and bottle wagon. A little colored boy came running toward the wagon, which had stopped.

"Say!" called the boy; "do you buy bones?"

"Yes," answered the driver of the wagon, himself a colored man.

"I've got maybe half a sack down home," called the boy. "It's right down the hill."

"Go get them," commanded the colored man, climbing out of his wagon; "I'll be here when you come back."

The little fellow darted away down the hill toward the next block. By the time that the rag-man had gone to a house and returned to the sidewalk, he was coming up the road, carrying a good-sized sack about a third or more full of bones. The boy held a short consultation with the driver of the wagon. Jessie heard the man offer the boy a nickel for the bones. But the boy refused to accept so little for his wares. He evidently thought he could make a better bargain than that with somebody else. So he shouldered his sack of bones again, and trudged back down the hill.

"I did not know that rag-men buy bones," thought Jessie, watching the cart drive away. "That would be a way of earning another nickel for missions, wouldn't it? I could not do it, however, because we don't have much meat, and so don't have many bones. It wouldn't be a very poetical way of earning money for missions, to be sure, but it is a way! If a little boy can sell half a sack of bones for five cents, why might not some other boy do the same, and give the nickel for

foreign missions? And why might not that five-cent piece do a great deal of good?"

But how about the people who would keep their money, and give for the Lord's work only driblets. Was that honest and right? That was not what Jessie intended to do at all. She meant to give this foreign mission cause all she could honestly, self-denyingly spare from her regular earnings. What she was trying to do was to discover if there were not other resources yet unthought of, whence she might draw a little more money or help of some kind to give toward the work of christianizing the world.

Surely such an object is worth the exercising of our observation and ingenuity. Who can estimate how much the work of missions, at home and abroad, might be helped forward, if every Christian would begin to realize his or her responsibility for "scraps," for resources so insignificant that at first they are unthought of, and perhaps not discovered save by a consecrated ingenuity? Alas, that we should have to read such a statement as this: "Nine-tenths of all contributions to foreign missions are given by one-tenth of the church-membership, while only half of the membership give anything."

Owe we then nothing to our Lord? No sacrifice, no plannings, no ingenuity, that we may give toward the coming of his kingdom? And, lo, the heathen cry for the bread of life! See down in Mexico a

woman pawning a flat-iron that she may buy the Book! Hear another Mexican woman saying: "We will eat but once to-day and save the money for it," and she kisses the Book that shall tell her of the bread of life. See over in France a woman buying a New Testament, and then so fearful that the priest might discover the book in her house, that she goes to a friend and leaves the book there, paying the friend a small sum to be allowed to go each day and read in her own book. See in Alaska, a missionary going to visit a sick, old man, and finding a Bible tied at the top of a stick three feet long, placed near the bed on which the old man lies. And, when asked the reason for this arrangement, hear the old man's answer: "I cannot read, but I know that the word of my Lord is there; and I look to heaven and say: 'Father, that is your Book. There is nobody to teach me to read. Very good; you help me.' Then my heart grows stronger, and the bad goes away."

And others wait who never saw this word. How can we sit at home and not care? Hear Dr. Partridge: "'We are doing too much in the way of giving the gospel to the heathen.' This is the sound which sometimes comes to our ears.

"Well, how much are we doing? If I may have the estimated value of the tobacco raised in the Connecticut and Housatonic valleys this year (1891),—I do not refer to such tobacco-raising States as Virginia

and North Carolina, but to staid Massachusetts, and steady Connecticut and Vermont,—if I may have the estimated value of this year's crop of tobacco raised in these States, I will pay all the expenses of the Missionary Union, on its present scale of expenditure, both at home and in all its foreign fields, for six years, leaving the Union to use all the money which comes into its treasury to enlarge its own work. Are we doing too much in the way of sending the blessed gospel to those who never heard that eternal salvation was possible?"

Almost daily did Jessie meet with some information tending to deepen and strengthen her interest in missions, home and foreign. As Jessie read and learned she realized more fully what the scope of missions might be, and most earnestly did she pray for ability to work and teach the people, and show them by her life something of what a trust in the Saviour might mean to them.

Often as her desire to help multiplied as she saw the need did she remember the lines:

Do thy duty, that is best, Leave unto the Lord the rest.

## CHAPTER VI.

## JESSIE'S EFFORT.

"The prayer, 'Thy kingdom come,' implies consecrated effort from him who prays."

PORQUE de tal maneira amou Deos ao mundo, que deo a seu Filho unigenito; para que todo aquelle que nelle crê, não pereça, mas tenha a vida eterna."

Over and over Jessie wrote from John 3:16, in Portuguese print-letters those words. Last Sunday she had distributed many of the slips, pinning one in a knot-hole that opened into a back-yard; giving two or three slips to children who readily agreed to hand the papers to their fathers—for Jessie was aware that more Portuguese men than women can read. She had pinned one slip in a gateway, and left another paper fastened on a post next a little Portuguese house facing on an alley.

"It is about time for me to go," she warned herself, now glancing at the clock.

She made ready, and hastened down town toward the temperance rooms where a noon-day prayer meeting was held. Jessie had agreed to go daily for a fortnight, and play the piano for the singing. About half a dozen men had arrived, and were sitting on the chairs placed for the audience. One man in plasterer's or bricklayer's clothes, came and looked in. Some one inside beckoned him to enter, but the man retreated. Sometimes there would be only two or three Christians in the audience at the noon prayer meeting. Sometimes there would be no unconverted persons present, but often there would be from one or two to three or four, or half a dozen who looked as if they needed the gospel, whether they professed to want it or not. Some, doubtless, were attracted more by the singing than by anything else.

"Let us sing number twenty-six," suggested the leader.

Jessie turned to the number and played it. After the singing of several hymns, the leader began to read from the Bible, and Jessie, turning from the piano, noticed an old man sitting in the little audiance. The old man had a swarthy complexion, white beard, and dark eyes. Jessie could not tell exactly of what nationality he was. She did not know but possibly he might be an old Portuguese or Italian gentleman. Perhaps he was from South America. She was a little surprised to see him rise in the early part of the meeting and hear him talk as if he was a Christian. He spoke English quite well. He told of a friend he had met a few days before.

"I went into a store on an errand," the old man

stated, "and there was a young man there who sat and looked at me. He said, 'I believe I know you!' and I said, 'I believe I know your face too!' And he said, 'Wasn't you an old engineer?' And I said, 'Yes,' and he said, 'Didn't you live at San Antonio?' And I said 'Yes,' and he said, 'Wait a minute!' And he ran around the corner, and brought back an old man. Oh! he was my friend in old times, and he was so glad to see me! And he talked, and he got to telling about the time we were boys together, and went to the same priest, and were confirmed in the same church. And I said to him, 'Don't talk to me about priests and cathedrals any more! I've found the real Catholic church, the holy Catholic church, and the real gospel! No more priests for me!' And he and I talked for as much as an hour, and the Lord helped me show that man texts in the Bible, and I talked to him, and he said to me, 'You are the only man in the United States that has showed me those texts.' And I think the Lord led me into that shop. That old man, I suppose, is about seventy. And we don't know how much good we can do, if we talk about Jesus. I tell you, Roman Catholics can be reached! I've been a Catholic, and I know how to talk to them! Never tell them you're not a Catholic. Tell them you belong to the holy Catholic church, and then they get to talking about their religion, and you have them! You can talk, and they can't answer you."

Jessie knew what he meant. "Catholic" was used in the sense of "universal." That was the sense originally, but the Roman Catholics have so claimed the epithet that Jessie felt as if she should hardly want to use the old man's method of saying that he belonged to the "holy Catholic" church. She felt almost as it would be deceiving a little. Yet perhaps he understood better than she did how to approach the members of the church of Rome. Jessie felt glad that the man seemed to have so much faith in the possibility of Catholics being reached by the gospel. She wondered who it was that first spoke of the real gospel to this man who was now so sure that Catholics could be reached. Somebody must have been the person to lead this man to the truth. Did that somebody know now that this man had become an earnest Christian? How many Christian workers knew what their work amounted to?

"I am going to work harder for the Portuguese than I ever have before," resolved Jessie, cheered by the man's faith that Roman Catholics can be reached.

After music lessons were over the next day, she went out among the Portuguese. She had some friends among them. There was one bright-eyed old woman, whom Jessie's father, before his death, had helped to retain her little property—a tiny house of two rooms, reached by a path running through a garden. Mrs. Costa never had forgotten the kindness. She

was always ready to bob a courtesy whenever Jessie or her mother appeared, and sometimes spoke in her broken English of the favor done her in years past. Mrs. Costa had the grateful, kindly heart such as so many Portuguese possess.

"I have the roof over my head," she would say to Jessie; "it was your papa that did it. Poor man! He dead! If not for him, I don't know I have a roof over my head now. Your papa help me! I hope God give him a good chair in heaven, because I have a roof over my head!"

Jessie's mother had tried to explain to Mrs. Costa that it was not by his own good works that Jessie's father had tried to gain heaven. But it was impossible to make the bright-eyed old Portuguese woman understand. She was a Roman Catholic. Jessie, knowing only one Protestant Portuguese, an intelligent young fellow, a Baptist, full of earnest pity for his people, working for them as far as he was able, had spoken to him of Mrs. Costa, and had asked him to go to see her. He had done so, and he reported to Jessie afterward:

"When I first went there she thought I was studying to be a Catholic priest, and she commenced to talk
against the priests, and say what bad men they were,
and she didn't believe in them. Then, when she
understood that I was a Protestant, she wanted to
know who sent me to her, and I couldn't remember

your name, so I couldn't tell her. And she said to me that I would lose my soul if I became a Protestant. I would never go to heaven if I did not pray to the saints."

Jessie had made another effort to reach Mrs. Costa by carrying her a Portuguese New Testament, not telling the woman what the book was. Jessie inwardly feared afterward in meeting Mrs. Costa, lest the old Portuguese woman should be angry, having discovered the character of the book. But Mrs. Costa was just as friendly as usual. She spoke of the book. She could not read Portuguese herself, being ignorant,—and the ignorance of reading among Portuguese women is a hindrance in working for their enlightenment—but her daughter could read.

"My daughter look at the book, and read, and she say, 'Why, mamma, this a kind of Bible!"

"Yes," acknowledged Jessie.

But alas! the daughter was a married woman, and lived some blocks away from her mother, and Jessie did not know in which house the Portuguese New Testament now was, or whether the priest had found and appropriated it.

"They are so good-hearted, many of these Portuguese," Jessie thought, as she walked on. "So good-hearted, and honest, and hard-working."

She remembered going over the mountains with her father once, to see a Portuguese patient whom he was

attending, and the wife of the sick man came out to the buggy, bringing Jessie a queer, gay bouquet of yellow marigolds and red roses. It seemed all the more sad that a people so kind-hearted should be so completely in the power of the priests.

"Mrs. Clift told me that one of those two Portuguese families living below her is quite clean; and the other day, when Mrs. Clift's cow ran away, and she hunted and couldn't find the cow, that old Portuguese man started out, and he never stopped until he found the cow and brought her home," said Jessie to herself. "He wasn't under any obligations to do it. It was just his neighborly kindness."

A new Portuguese family, of whom Jessie had heard, came from Honolulu to California. Others of the Portuguese of this district came from the Azores.

"Halloo!" cried a voice.

Jessie turned quickly. Near her was a gate a little farther in from the sidewalk than the fence, and Jessie had been passing the place without seeing the bright little Portuguese boy, of perhaps eight years, who was sitting in the recess next the gate.

Jessie stopped to ask the child about going to Sunday-school. She had forgotten that he was one whom she had previously invited, she had invited so many. But she must have spoken to this boy before, for he answered now that he had been intending to go, but "My father wouldn't let me."

There was something particularly winning about this little fellow. Jessie gave him a Sunday-school paper as she left him.

In the next little house lived another Portuguese family. Going into the yard and up the path, Jessie saw a woman sitting on the steps of the porch. She was cleaning a big fish. Her back was toward Jessie.

"Good afternoon," said the girl.

The Portuguese woman turned, showing a pleasant, smiling face. Three children appeared from the open door that led into the little kitchen. At one side were the rows of cabbages, among which Jessie had seen the father working on Sundays as she passed the house.

The oldest of the three children, a girl, who had evidently, from the red stain on her tawny hand been engaged in some such sanguinary work as the mother, acted as interpreter, although the mother was able to speak some English. The children in these Portuguese households are usually better linguists than their parents. This Portuguese mother was very pleasant; but she excused her children from accepting Jessie's invitation to Sunday-school by calling the girl's attention to the children's shoes, which indeed were old, but not unavailable.

"Never mind the shoes," urged Jessie. "No matter. Let the children come."

But the mother, although pleasant, would make no promise.

In the other house, at the gate of which the small boy had sat, Jessie found a young Portuguese girl. Jessie had noticed that if she was treated coldly by any Portuguese, it was usually by some of the young women, and not by the mothers or the children. The mother's faces were more kindly, or more diplomatic perhaps, sometimes. At this house Jessie was met at the door by a Portuguese young woman, whose mother, with a red handkerchief tied about her head, came and looked over her daughter's shoulder. But the daughter was the spokesman, and her face was coldly forbidding as she listened to Jessie's errand.

"We're Catholics," replied the Portuguese girl, haughtily, as if no Sunday-school could be a Catholic institution. "We go to our own church."

Jessie turned away. At least the Catholics are not ashamed to speak of their religion. If the little boy who had accosted Jessie at the gate of this yard had that young Portuguese woman for his sister, Jessie did not wonder at his staying away from Sunday-school. The boy had spoken of his father's refusal to give permission to attend, but Jessie presumed that the daughter was in accord with her father.

"I wonder how she knew I was not a Roman Catholic?" Jessie questioned herself. "She seemed to suspect immediately."

Jessie turned and walked over the hills to a small section known as "Portugee-town," the other neigh-

bors having given it that name because so many of that nationality lived on two sides of the three or four blocks that comprised the district. As Jessie went hunting for Sunday-school scholars in "Portugeetown," and as she picked her way from one house to another, shunning the open sewer-water that ran into the street and made the green grass a snare to be avoided, she suspected that the Catholic priest had seen this Portuguese woman who was baking bread, and this other Portuguese woman who was washing in a yard, her two children with her; another woman, ornamented with earrings, and accompanied with her two children, being also in the yard. But no Portuguese mother openly declared to Jessie that the priest had spoken of the Sunday-school as a thing of evil. The mothers never mentioned the priest, but Jessie felt instinctively that his presence had been before her. A number of Portuguese scholars used to come to Sundayschool several years before this, the other teachers had told Jessie, but the priest had discovered and forbidden Evidently the Portuguese had not forgotten, or else had been re-warned.

"I wonder," Jessie asked herself, "if this is the way that missionaries in foreign lands feel when going around among the heathen? I don't seem to be very successful here. I wonder if I would be any more so in a heathen country? Suppose I was in a Roman Catholic country, like Ecuador, for instance?"

With this thought her energy increased, and she plodded on from house to house. She could not go to Ecuador, but occasionally she could snatch a short time from her busy life of music teaching and housekeeping, and go to "Portugee-town" and scattered Portuguese houses, although she did not see many encouraging results of her going. The more she learned of these Portuguese, the more helpless she felt. And yet, did it matter about her own strength? Could not God use the weak things of this world? Oh, she would not give up these Portuguese! She would pray and work for them. The poor, ignorant people. A pity for certain of them took possession of her heart as she heard of new families, and thought how little she could do for them. She wished she could earn or save enough to buy New Testaments for all these families. She had given to some, and yet she could see that it might be merely throwing the books away to give them to the most prejudiced families. With them the New Testament would probably be destroyed. Yet she longed to help this people.

That evening, after the supper dishes were washed, Jessie stood at a western window, reading by the sunset light. The little book she held contained a very short chapter on the Reformation in Spain and Portugal. Jessie was wishing to find out especially how the Reformation had succeeded among the Portuguese. She read some paragraphs as follows:

"The writings of Erasmus, and even of Luther, found their way south of the Pyrenees, and were read in secret by many persons of the more cultivated classes. A taste for them had been awakened by the Mysticism, which was a popular aspiration for purer morals and ecclesiastical government. The officers of Charles V., and other members of his military court, came in contact with Luther's doctrines while in the German wars, and when they returned they brought this new attachment with them. As representatives of this class, may be mentioned Alphonso de Vives and Ponce de la Fuente. Translations of the Bible into Spanish were a powerful auxiliary. Franz Enzinas, of Burgos, issued the first Spanish Bible in Antwerp, in 1543. Knowing that his emperor, Charles V., was a patron of learning—some kinds—he had the simplicity to dedicate his version to that ruler. His reward was a confinement of fourteen months in a Brussels prison, on the ground that he had printed in capital letters the passage, 'Where is boasting then? It is excluded. By what law? of works? Nay; but by the law of faith" (Romans 3:27).

"Entire cloisters, such as San Isidoro del Campo, threw off the authority of Rome, and adopted the Protestant doctrines. Valladolid, Seville, and Medina del Campo became centers for the distribution of Protestant writings. Rodrigo de Varelo, Juan Ægidius, Augustine Cazalla, and Diaz were representatives of

the new measures. Small societies were organized in many places, and public worship was held.

"Just as soon as the Spanish people expressed sympathy with the Reformation in an organized and public way, violent means were employed to arrest the work. The Inquisition was ordered from Rome. Fernando Valdez was appointed Grand Inquisitor. He was the very man for the work, having an indomitable will, blind zeal for Roman Catholicism, and intense hostility toward the cause of reform. Autos da fé (acts of faith), or public burnings of heretics, were kindled in twelve cities. All spectators of these scenes were granted plenary indulgences."

Jessie gave a little cry of horror.

"To have one's sins forgiven by the priest, because one had gone to see a Christian burned!" she exclaimed. "I never knew before that the Church of Rome ever went so far as that!"

"The first prominent martyr," she read on "was Carlos de Seso. Then came Domingo de Roxas, Garcia de Arrias, Montanos, and Hernandez, as leaders of a great host of victims. Even women were not spared, whether from the nobility or lower classes. Maria Gomez, Maria de Boborguez, and Eleonora de Cisneros were noble representatives of their sex in joyful readiness to endure martyrdom for their faith. Protestant Englishmen, temporarily in Spain, were likewise executed when known to be in sympathy with Protestantism.

"Portugal was much less affected by the reformatory movement than Spain. Still, there were indications enough to excite alarm. Diego de Silva was appointed Grand Inquisitor. He performed his work thoroughly, and soon all Protestant traces were destroyed."

Jessie closed the little book.

"'He performed his work thoroughly, and all Protestant traces were destroyed,' "she repeated, gravely. "That is what ails the Portuguese. The Reformation never had much sway in Portugal. And the Portuguese people ever since have walked in the way Rome commanded. No wonder it is hard for a Protestant to reach such people! Supposing all Protestant traces had been destroyed in England at the time of the Reformation, where would I be to-day? Am I not bound to work for these Portuguese?"

The next Saturday night Jessie went to church as usual, to play the organ for choir rehearsal.

"The Portuguese people around here have been having a great time," said one member of the choir. "You know there are a number of Portuguese living not far from us. Last night they had a torchlight procession and a band, and to-day a wagon and a band came around, and went to the Portuguese houses. The men in the wagon had bread and small roasts of veal, and bottles of wine, and these were left at the houses. All the things were checked off in a book, and I suppose the Portuguese had to pay for the eat-

ables. Probably the money goes into the coffers of the church."

"What is this feast?" asked one of the altos.

"This is what the Portuguese call the 'Feast of the Holy Ghost,'" replied a tenor.

"Oh, yes!" exclaimed Jessie; "I saw a notice of that in our evening paper the other day. And last Sunday, here on the avenue, I saw a Portuguese man with a girl of about fifteen or sixteen, who had no hat, I think. She wore a long white veil that covered her head, and fell down around her. I don't know whether she had anything to do with celebrating this feast, though."

"Maybe she had been confirmed," suggested an alto.

"Perhaps so," returned Jessie. "I never happened to see any Portuguese girl dressed that way before, though."

The next day, however, as she was going to Sunday-school, Jessie saw a Portuguese man and two little girls. The children were dressed in white, with red sashes, and wore no hats, but had what looked to Jessie like some white, artificial flowers arranged in a little triangle on top of each child's head.

Jessie learned more of this feast, the name of which sounds irreverent to our Protestant ears—the "Feast of the Holy Ghost"—from one of her Sunday-school scholars, a boy of nine. He lived opposite a row of

Portuguese houses, and so had quite a good opportunity of observing what went on there. Jessie called at her scholar's door one evening, and when she went away, the boy, who was going on an errand in the same direction, walked with her over the hills toward a business street. Seth was a very observant, truthful little fellow, as Jessie knew, and he began to tell her about what he had seen the Portuguese doing.

"They had a wagon," stated Seth, "and bread and chunks of veal. And they had a band, you know, and the bread had roses stuck on top of it, and the wagon went around to the Portuguese houses, and made the folks buy the chunks of veal. And there was a brass thing plated with silver. They called it the 'Holy Ghost,' and they carried it into the houses, and everybody in the houses had to take off their hats to it."

"What did it look like?" questioned Jessie.

"Like a bottle," answered Seth, after an instant's hesitation, as if he could hardly think of a simile that exactly expressed the shape of the image he had seen.

Jessie came to the corner where she must bid her scholar good-bye. She walked on alone, thinking of the Portuguese and their feast.

"I read in a paper the other day," said she to herself, "a letter from a man who was traveling out here in California, and he saw at San José a Chinese funeral, a pig that was to be killed being carried in a wagon, and Chinese money—mock-money, probably—being thrown out of the wagon. The man wrote that he thought it a disgusting exhibition of heathenism that ought not to be allowed in this country. But I don't know what he would think of a feast that seems as blasphemous as this Portuguese one."

It seemed strange that in an enlightened land like the United States such a heathen practice as the "Feast of the Holy Ghost" should continue year after year.

"It is shocking!" thought Jessie. "It is a feast that might belong to ignorant Mexico or Portugal, or to some dark South American country. But here! the Bible in one house, people worshiping the real God, and just across the street, in another house, the Bible forbidden, and an image carried in and treated with reverence under the name of the Holy Ghost. It is dreadful! And what can I do?"

She had felt the need of Ecuador and India, and wept for them, but here was heathenism at her own door! Here were bright-eyed, attractive even when dirty, children, beautiful with the dark comeliness of the south, ready many of them to receive religious impressions, and yet those impressions must be given by the church of Rome. The children were held away from Protestant influence. Their parents believed in "Mareé" and the saints, and all Rome's heathen lies.

"O Church of Rome!" groaned Jessie, "how strong you are! What can I do against you?"

It seemed so dreadful, this subtile invisible something that kept these poor, good-hearted people, almost heathen, in a Christian land. Jessie remembered that when she was going to church the other Sunday, she had passed through a little alley, and two Portuguese women had been at the open window of one of the little houses. The two women, perhaps mother and daughter had looked at Jessie, and the girl, seeing the mother's not unfriendly face, had so wished she had been able to bring a little of the gospel to that home that Sunday evening. But the tracts Jessie had had with her were in English, and even Portuguese probably could not have been read by the mother. And so Jessie had been compelled to pass on, doing those poor souls no good, save by a silent prayer. Should she ever be able to do anything for this people?

The next week Jessie made a trip to a somewhat distant part of the town. The only Portuguese Catholic church of the district was there, not all of its attendants being Portuguese, but the majority belonging to that nationality. The church bore St. Joseph's name upon the archway of the entrance.

"I will go in," mentally resolved Jessie; "I am going to see just what those Portuguese children are taught to believe is right."

She went softly into the vestibule, past the font of holy water, entered the main body of the church, and sat in one of the uncushioned wooden pews. There were only two other persons in the church. One was an old man, going the round of the pictures of the stations of the cross on the wall, kneeling before each picture, having previously dropped a handkerchief on the floor that he might kneel on something that would not soil his garments. The old man held a rosary of large black beads. A woman, also, was at her devotions near the railing before the main altar. The church was quite plain, presenting the general appearance of a Catholic church, with nothing distinctively Portuguese at first glance.

In the pew in which Jessie sat lay a small green-covered book. Jessie picked it up and found that it was in English. The title was "The Pocket Key of Heaven." Under the "Litany of the Blessed Virgin," Jessie read the following: "We fly to thy patronage, O holy Mother of God! despise not our petitions in our necessities, but deliver us from all dangers, O ever glorious and blessed Virgin!"

The old man moved to another picture, and Jessie read under Ad Vesperas, At Even Song, "Hail, O Queen! O mother of mercy; hail, our life, our comfort and our hope! We, the banished children of Eve, cry out unto thee!"

A long list of saints, Peter, Paul, Matthew, Lawrence, Stephen, Vincent, Cosmas, Nicholas, were petitioned to "pray for us."

"Oh!" sighed Jessie to herself, "no wonder that

Portuguese man, Mr. Pereira, suspected that I did not teach 'Mareé' worship! The children must have reported to him that our church is very different from this. Poor little children!"

Jessie did not like to go up near the altars. She did not know but the man and the woman might think a Protestant intruder had no right to do so, and the worshipers, of course, would know Jessie to be a Protestant because she would not bow to the main altar.

"That woman would notice it if the man did not," thought Jessie. "She will know I am a stray heretic, but I would like to go up there and see if there is anything distinctively Portuguese.

There were cards on the various pews. Evidently most of them were rented. Sometimes a renter took the whole of a pew. In that case, the fact was stated after his name, as, for instance, "Manuel Jeronimo o banco todo," (all the bench, or seat).

The woman worshiper had dipped her fingers in the holy-water font near the door, and crossed her forehead devoutly. Two women entered the building, but they were evidently sight-seers and not Catholics, for they did not approach the holy-water font, or bow toward the altar. As the visitors walked quietly up near the altars, Jessie ventured to go there too. In a gilt frame, near the figures of a tonsured priest and a child, Jessie read the following:

"Pede-se
Um Padre
nosso e uma
Ave Maria a
SANTO ANTONIO
Pela Converao
dos Peccadores."

By dint of the Latin and Spanish that she knew, Jessie translated the Portuguese words as follows: "Pray an 'Our Father' and an 'Ave Maria' to St. Anthony for the conversion of two sinners."

"Shall I not rather pray to the real Father for the conversion of all these Portuguese?" thought Jessie, as she silently passed back down the aisle. "What else can I do for these who are 'omitted in the distribution of the bread'?"

Jessie would never forget her first Portuguese scholar. She had come to Jessie's class of girls, several years before this, when Jessie did not know how difficult it was to obtain Portuguese Sunday-school scholars. None of the girls whom Jessie taught had objected to the presence of the Portuguese girl among them, and Jessie, while wondering that Mary Costa came, yet treated the scholar well, thinking that perhaps Mrs. Costa, who was poor, might have an idea that the church would help her, if the daughter came to Sunday-school. Mary Costa came repeatedly. Jessie tried

to teach her somewhat, but the young teacher afterward wished that she had made a much more special effort for that Portuguese who had been placed under her care.

After a time Mary Costa disappeared. Quite a while passed, and then Jessie heard that the Portuguese girl was dead.

When she remembered sometimes the different scholars she had taught, Jessie would recall the memory of Mary Costa with a regret that bordered on unavailing tears. Why had not a Portuguese New Testament been obtained for the girl? Jessie had tried to teach the poor, ignorant creature, but the teacher sometimes wondered if she had done all she could. In the future world, would that Portugese girl sometime say, "You were my Sunday-school teacher, and you did not do what might have been done for my soul"?

It was a solemn question. Jessie thought of it that afternoon, as she walked away from St. Joseph's Church. The memory of Mary Costa filled the girl's soul with a sense of her responsibility, and Jessie asked herself again, "What can I do for this people? How can the Portuguese be reached?"

"Pede-se Um Padre nosso e uma Ave Maria a Santo Antonio Pela Converao dos Peccadores."

The Portuguese believed in conversion, then; in a conversion of some kind. Oh, that it might be real!

"My poor people!" was what the one converted

Baptist Portuguese man, whom Jessie knew, was wont to say of his nation, as he wept over the spiritual condition of that people.

He knew, as one of another nation could not, the bigotry and superstition that bind the Portuguese like chains about their souls. His heart cried out for their salvation, remembering from what bondage he himself had been delivered.

Some miles away from Jessie's home was a small village, composed almost entirely of her people, as she was beginning to called the Portuguese. There she had heard a Protestant mission church had been established. Just what success the effort was having she did not know, but as she grew to realize more and more the spiritual darkness in which the Portuguese lived, she was thankful that a few had been gathered in a church where "Mareé" was not adored, but where God himself, and his Son, Jesus Christ, were worshiped, and to them was all praise rendered.

## CHAPTER VII.

#### LEARNING PATIENCE.

"Life for God in public is a mere sounding brass and tinkling cymbal, unless it is balanced by life with God in secret."

"I KNOW what I will do to make myself pleasant," resolved Jessie, desperately, "I will sing."

She resolutely began humming. She had remembered a time when her family had lived for a while in a house occupied by another, and the mother of the other family had a habit, when her children grew cross or tired and fretful, of beginning to sing as she worked. Often Jessie had heard, through the partition, the sound of that mother's voice beginning some little tune which the children knew. Before she had sung long, one or another of the children would commence to sing too, and soon another would join the song, and peace would return. Jessie had thought it a very good way, since no one can sing and say cross things at the same time, very well. Now, when her own irritability seemed this evening to rise against both watching and prayer, Jessie thought of adopting the method which that mother employed.

"When other women would have scolded she sung," remembered Jessie; "I will sing."

She hummed vigorously. With the usual perverseness of human nature, she felt impatient at the sound of her own humming. It sounded as if she were feeling pleasant when she knew she was not.

It had been a hard day. She had swept and cleaned; had mopped the kitchen oilcloth; had filled lamps and given a music lesson to a little girl, and heard also the child's recitations, for she came to Jessie instead of going to the public school. That was Jessie's foremoon. In the afternoon, she had gone out to give three music lessons to scholars in houses rather far apart, so that when she came home with a headache, and hurried into the house only to find a letter that she must carry to a woman who lived some distance away, it was five o'clock. A rocking-chair caught the ruffle of Jessie's dress, as she hastened by, and ripped the seam for about a foot. The ruffle hung dismally downward.

"Oh, just look at that!" cried Jessie, despairingly. She was so tired. She disliked sewing, and here was a hindrance when she was in such a hurry! The sound of the opening of the oven door came from the kitchen.

"You had better eat supper before you try to do that errand," advised Aunt Abby's voice from the distance. "I have made some biscuit, and they are almost done, and I guess your mother is ready to get up to supper."

Jessie had it in her heart to say: "Oh, what do you bother me about anything to eat now for, when you see I am in such a hurry?"

But she stopped herself in time. She found a needle and soberly sewed on the ruffle. She helped her mother out to the table, and they began to eat the biscuits that Aunt Abby had taxed her strength to make. Before supper was over a neighbor came to the door on an errand.

"I knew it was early for supper, but I thought Jessie would be so tired when she came home she would want something to eat," apologized Aunt Abby to the neighbor.

Jessie's conscience smote her for her inward impatience. Aunt Abby had done her best to anticipate the girl's weariness.

"Oh, I do wish," thought Jessie, as she finished her supper, "that I wouldn't be cross!"

She remembered all this now, after supper, when she had done her errand and come home, and when, as a remedy for irritation, she resolved to sing. This expedient continued to annoy her, and at last, when it grew dusk, she went out of doors, and took the hoe from the shed. Perhaps a little work in the garden among the flowers, in the cool evening, might tend to quiet her tired nerves, and make her more patient.

Jessie hoed awhile, and the healthful exercise did rest her mind. But soon a small boy acquaintance came by, and seeing her at work, ran up the steps into the yard.

"You ought not to do that," commented the friendly little fellow.

"Why?" laughed Jessie, whose crossness had been partly physical, and who now felt better.

The small boy reached toward her and took the hoe. "I'll do it," he offered.

"I think it's almost done, Teddy, anyway," answered Jessie, looking at the walks and beds; "you needn't do it."

But Teddy hoed vigorously. There were some small, stubby, dry roots of grass beside one of the beds, and Teddy hit at the roots with enthusiasm. Jessie stood beside him, and they talked as the summer twilight deepened. She talked to him about his vacation, and about Fourth of July and his prospects for firecrackers, and by-and-by Jessie gently led the conversation around to that most important question on which two immortal beings, bound for eternity, can speak to one another. Once Jessie would not have realized that these moments of pleasant, friendly talk could be an opportunity for anything higher, but ever since that day at the mission meeting, months before, when the leader had asked that question, "To preach the gospel, how are you going to do it?" Jessie had discovered a great many more opportunities in her life than she ever before had supposed were possible. She was trying to

accustom herself to speaking to people, as she found opportunity.

And so to-night she kindly asked her little friend: "I wonder, Teddy, if you are trying to be a real Christian?"

The nine-years-old boy hoed vigorously for a few moments without answering. Jessie knew he had a good, Christian mother, but the girl thought that perhaps it might be as well for some one else to speak to the boy too. Jessie could remember that when she was a child, it made a great impression on her to have some one outside the family take pains enough to speak to her about becoming a Christian, although her own mother often talked to her on the subject.

After a few minutes, Teddy stopped hoeing, and straightened up.

"I'm going to try real hard to be a Christian," he answered, in his queer boyish fashion, "but I get mad so easy, you know!"

His listener felt a thrill of inward sympathy. Who was she, that this child should confess to her his temptation?

"I have to do the dishes nights," continued Teddy, frankly, "and I get all wet, you know—my clothes do—washing the dishes."

Teddy gave a gesture over his chest, and Jessie could readily understand how a small boy, standing at a sink might splash water on himself as he washed dishes.

"And that makes me mad!" went on the honest little confesser before her. "And sometimes—sometimes I get so mad. I think, 'Well, I won't say my prayers to-night!' And I go to bed, and don't say them. And I lie awake, and then sometimes afterward I think, 'Well, maybe I'd better!' and I get out of bed and kneel down, and say them. One night I got up about half-past ten and said my prayers!"

There was silence. Teddy did not know that in the heart of his listener there was penitence for the same sin of hastiness which he regretted.

"Touched with the feeling of our infirmities," thought Jessie, "we have not an high priest who cannot be touched with the feeling of our infirmities."

And it was with the remembrance that this tender and merciful High Priest heard what his two children talked of this summer night in the twilight, that Jessie answered Teddy aloud, with grave friendliness.

"Yes, I should think you would want to pray, Teddy. Praying helps us all."

"Yes," agreed Teddy, going on with his hoeing; "I think perhaps I'd die in the night, and I'd want to go to heaven. Mother wants us to say our prayers, and I'm going to."

Very tender was the talk that followed between the two, all the more tender because she to whom Teddy confessed as a person very much better than he, felt how often she was taken in the same sin of temper.

When Jessie put away her hoe in the shed, after Teddy had gone home, there were tears in her eyes. She went into the house and found Miss Havergal's little book, "Kept for the Master's Use," and read part of that chapter which contains words so helpful to those of us who are tempted to lose patience, and find it hard at times not to be irritable. Here is Miss Havergal's remedy:

"Keep my lips, that they may be Filled with messages from thee."

"The days are past forever when we said, 'Our lips are our own.' Now we know that they are not our own.

"And yet how many of my readers often have the miserable consciousness that they have 'spoken unadvisedly with their lips'! How many pray, 'Keep the door of my lips,' when the very last thing they think of expecting is that they will be kept! They deliberately make up their minds that hasty words, or foolish words, or exaggerated words, according to their respective temptations, must and will slip out of that door, and that it can't be helped. The extent of the real meaning of their prayer was merely that not quite so many might slip out. As their faith went no farther, the answer went no farther, and so the door was not kept.

"Do let us look the matter straight in the face. Either we have committed our lips to the Lord, or we have not. This question must be settled first. If not, oh do not let another hour pass! Take them to Jesus, and ask him to take them."

I must ask him too in faith. There is so little faith in the reality of his being, so far as the practical affairs of life are concerned. I must believe that he is, and that he is the director of all them that carry their lives unto him. So Jessie thought for a moment, and then she read on:

"But when you have committed them to him, it comes to this: is he able or he is not able to keep that which you have committed to him? If he is not able, of course you may as well give up at once, for your own experience has abundantly proved that you are not able, so there is no help for you. But, if he is able nay, thank God there is no 'if' on this side!—say, rather, as he is able, where was this necessity of perpetual failure? You have been fancying yourself virtually doomed and fated to it, and therefore you have gone on in it, while all the time his arm was not shortened that it could not save, but you have been limiting the Holy One of Israel. Honestly now, have you trusted him to keep your lips this day? Trust necessarily implies expectation that what we have entrusted will be kept. If you have not expected him to keep, you have not trusted. You may have tried, and tried very hard, but you have not trusted, and therefore you have not been kept."

As Jessie read, realizing her many failings and weaknesses, she almost despaired of being a valiant soldier. To her heart came the comforting words: "My grace is sufficient for thee. . . I will never leave thee nor forsake thee," and she began to trust in fuller measure than ever before.

# CHAPTER VIII.

#### THE FIELD WIDENS.

"If any man hath not the Spirit of Christ, he is none of his" (Rom. 8:9). The Spirit of Christ led him to give himself for the salvation of the world. If there are any professing Christians who are not in some true sense giving themselves for the salvation of the world, how are they Christ's?—The Kingdom.

66 TT is beautiful!" exclaimed Aunt Abby.

She and Jessie stood on a road and looked toward the water. There was a broad expanse of sand backed by dark yellow bluffs. Bunches of kelp lay here and there along the beach. Near the waves, the flat beach was covered for a long distance with small, white acorn-limpets, that almost gave the appearance of a frost on the ground. There were little pools left by the tide. Farther on, the sands stopped at a spur of rocks that shot darkly out into the water. A boy was coming along the road carrying some white fish that he had caught.

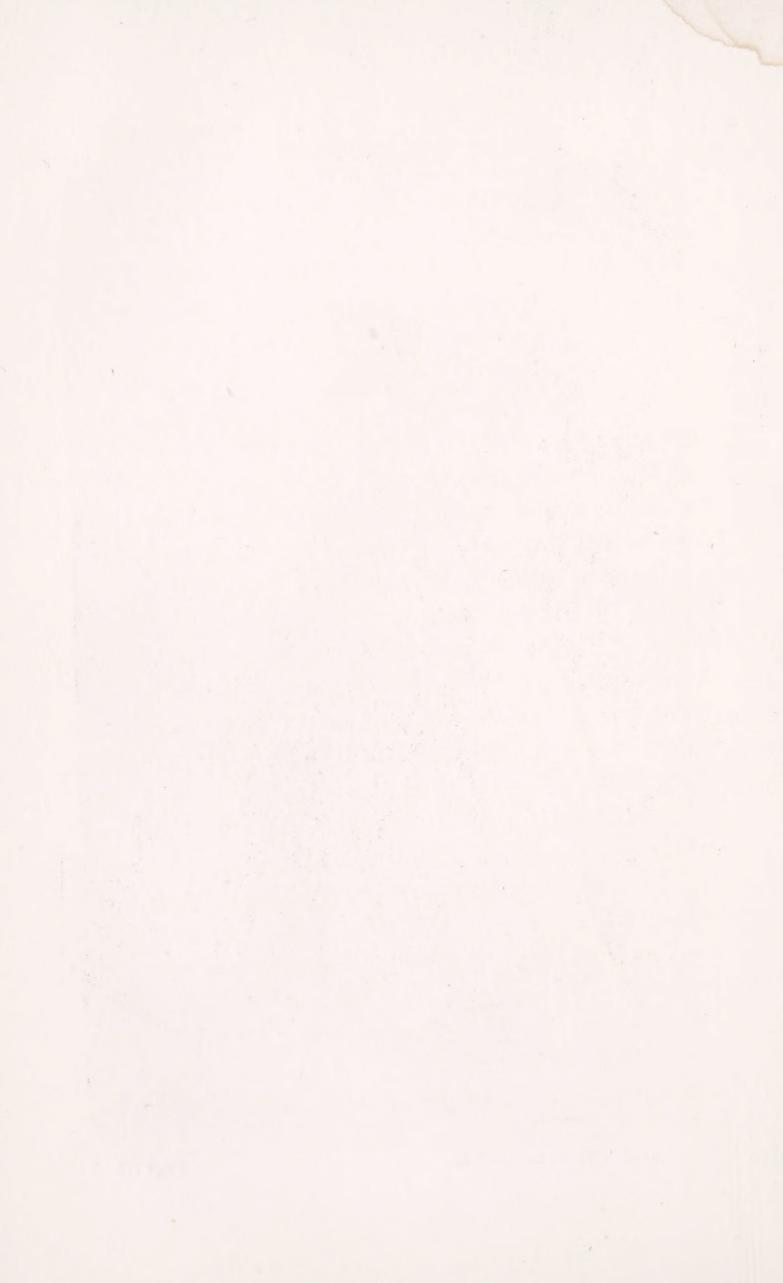
"It must be almost time for the meeting," suggested Aunt Abby, with one last look at the beautiful expanse of water with its white foam.

"Yes," answered Jessie; "I think we must go, if we want to be there on time."



Jessie's Three Resolutions.

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"I do," replied Aunt Abby; "I want to hear that man speak."

The two turned and retraced their steps toward the seaside encampment where the Baptist convention was being held. Jessie and Aunt Abby and the invalid mother were having a rare treat. They had managed to come to this seaside place for a few days, and now this morning, a missionary, who was about to return to China, after successfully working among the Chinese in California and on the Pacific coast for many years, was to make a farewell speech. Jessie's mother was hardly able to attend, but Aunt Abby was very anxious to hear the missionary's words. By the time that Jessie and her aunt reached the auditorium, the missionary was going to the platform.

"From my childhood," said he, "I never had any other ambition than to be a missionary. When I was twenty-three years old, I first went to China."

After speaking of his stay there, and of his subsequent return to the United States, the speaker continued: "For eighteen years I have lived in this country with a yearning to return to China. I have gone time and time again to see the missionaries off, and every time I have yearned to go with them. Yet my own yearning has nothing to do with my going to China now.

"I pity the condition of the heathen Chinese. I know that the heathen perish without the gospel. I have moved among the sweltering crowds in China, and

I have been almost overwhelmed with the feeling, 'Confronted by an eternal banishment from God!' That thought has spurred me on to work. Yet it is not because of pity for the heathen that I go to China now.

"I think I can do more for the cause of Christ in China than here. Opportunities there are greater. Missionaries can reach a more influential class of Chinese people in China than in the United States. Yet it is not because I think I can do more that I go. I go back to China because I believe I have a personal command from the Lord now. There are three things that are important elements in deciding whether one shall go as a missionary or not. They are: (1) An abiding conviction in the soul; (2) the approving judgment of judicious brethren; (3) the openings of God's providence. Without any one of these the evidence is incomplete. I feel that God has answered my prayers just as clearly by shutting doors before me as by opening doors.

"The question for each one of us is, 'What will the Lord have me to do?' Put the question to the Lord. I believe the Lord Jesus will let us know. There are ways by which you may find out what the Lord has for you to do. God has a specific work for you."

The missionary proceeded to tell of incidents connected with his former work in China. In a seaboard city a Chinaman, who unknown to the missionary had been following him from place to place listening to his preaching, went to the room where were two converted Chinese, and said to one of them: "I'm a Chinaman, and you're a Chinaman. Now tell me, are these things so, or does the white man give you money to say they are so?"

The Christian Chinaman, in reply, gave his Christian experience.

The stranger said:

"If that is so, I want that religion."

The stranger came every day after that to listen to the reading of the Bible. He could not read himself. He would listen, and then he would go into a corner of the room and pray. He did not know anything about secret prayer. He prayed aloud, and of all the prayers the missionary ever heard the prayers of that poor heathen were the most penitent and heartbroken. He was converted. His employer said that the man must discard Christianity, or be discharged. The man suffered discharge and went home, a long distance away in the country, to tell his mother of the Christian religion. As he went he preached Christ, and on reaching home talked about Jesus until the whole family became enthusiastic. The old Chinese mother, eighty years of age, had no way to go to the missionary but on horseback. She said: "I want to be saved. It's my last chance," and she rode the seventy miles back through the mountains. Two sisters-in-law of the man, his wife, and younger brother, went too.

The women had the little feet, but they managed to walk all the way. The company found the missionary, stayed in the city at their own expense for some time, and the old mother, the younger brother, and the two sisters-in-law were converted. On their way back home again they stopped at a house, and talked all night. The wife of the man of the house became so interested in the Christian religion that she gave her husband no peace until he allowed her to take a donkey, and make the journey to find out about this religion. She also was converted.

Now the missionary said he was going back to the same field where he had before worked. He had not known it, but all these years the Chinese Christians there had been praying God to send him back to them. And now their prayers were answered.

The missionary bade a solemn farewell to his Baptist brethren. Some man in the back part of the audience began to sing, "God be with you till we meet again."

The audience joined in the song, but Jessie could not sing. In front of her a woman also wept. Jessie knew her as the wife of a minister whom the girl had once heard say that all his life he had longed to go to the foreign field, but the Lord seemed to shut the way. The minister and his wife were most earnest laborers for foreign missions, so far as that work might be pushed forward in California. And yet now the wife wept, as if completely overcome by the words to which

she had just listened. It was so sore a trial to hear the cries from heathen lands, and be unable to respond. Ah, who could think of those thousands upon thousands who have never so much as *heard* of the gospel, and not feel stirred? Who that has felt the saving power of Christ would not weep, and pray, and long to go as a messenger to those who pass down to death? No wonder Jessie wept.

She had tried to do what she could for the Chinese around her at home. She had taught in the Chinese Sunday-school; she had distributed Chinese New Testaments; and yet she felt that she had done very little. The Chinese were different from the Portuguese in being really heathen. The Portuguese had heard part of the gospel, even if it was imbued with Catholicism. They had heard of Christ, even though they trusted in their own works for salvation.

"Oh, I wish I could go! I wish I could go as a foreign missionary!" Jessie cried, inwardly, as she and Aunt Abby walked home.

What was it that the missionary had said?

"The question for each one of us is, 'What will the Lord have me to do?' Put the question to the Lord. I believe the Lord Jesus will let us know."

"It is such a beautiful thing that the Lord lets each one of us have some part in his work!" broke forth Aunt Abby, as the two walked together. "There's that missionary going to carry the gospel to hundreds

in China. And here are you, able to work among the Portuguese and the Chinese here. And here am I, old and not able to work for missions in China or here, either; but I can pray for both! It's so beautiful that each one's part can fit into another one's that way!"

Jessie looked up, and saw the glow of consecration in the old eyes. And the girl thought what a beautiful part of his work God had granted to her, to be able to care for and supply the needs of this dear old saint in her last years. And that other dear one who was waiting for them now, would not God greatly bless the foreign mission work in answer to the prayers of these two women?

"I am sure, Aunt Abby," answered the girl, feeling the trembling old hand within her arm, "your part in foreign missions is a very large one."

Jessie's mother was waiting for them, and listened eagerly to Aunt Abby's animated account of the missionary's address.

"I suppose some people would think that missionary was going off on a real foolish errand," remarked Jessie's mother; "folks that don't believe in the conversion of Chinese. But Chinese can be converted. Why think of that Chinaman down at Los Angeles, Leong Chow! He was in a store with his uncle—that is, the establishment pretended to be a store, but the chief profit came from the gambling tables. Often a bowlful of gold coin would be brought in as profit

and divided between Leong Chow and his uncle. when Leong Chow became a Christian, he felt that he could not keep on living by gambling tables, and so had given up everything. He went to Ventura, and, as he was not able to do hard work, he tried to support himself by fishing with a hook and line at the end of the wharf. And then, as he wanted to be a missionary among the Chinese, he was appointed to be a helper at ten dollars a month, and he took the little pay joyfully, and gave his whole time to missionary work among the Chinese, and to studying in order to become a minister. And I should like to know what better proof a man could give of his change of heart and his belief in Christianity than his giving up a business which was easy and profitable, though wicked, and accepting a position at ten dollars a month, working to bring his countrymen to Christ! One would feel almost sure a white person was a Christian who would so completely sacrifice his financial prospects for the sake of religion."

"Yes," returned Aunt Abby; "and there was Loo Ying, of Los Angeles. How he worked after he was converted! And then the difficulties he encountered among his countrymen. All had some excuse, often very trivial, with which to meet his invitations. One old man said to him once, 'I cannot, I am too old.' Then Loo Ying told him that the old people need Christ even more than the younger people. It makes

me very humble when I think of his work, his courage, his zeal, his earnest longing and strong determination to bring his people to Christ.

"And he wasn't discouraged even about those Chinese who say they do not believe either in Christ or Confucius, but spend their money having as good time as possible. Loo Ying said, 'Although they are not easy to convert with our human thought, the mighty God can reach these very easy.'"

"What seems to me another real proof of a Chinaman's conversion is his taking the Christian religion back to China with him," rejoined Jessie's mother. "Do you remember about Leu Haw Hing, who was a Methodist preacher here in California? He went back to China, you know, to his native village, and one day he was trying to tell a professor of high rank in the college there, about the Christian religion. When Leu Haw Hing was about half-way through talking, his uncle came in and walked up to him, snatched the Bible from his hand, and threw the book into the gutter. The Bible was badly damaged, but Haw Hing did not get angry or say a word. He only walked over to the gutter, picked up the Bible, wiped it with his handkerchief, came back to the professor, and went on speaking as if nothing had happened. That impressed the professor. He thought about it for He said to himself: 'If Christianity can make a man so meek and true, that is the doctrine I

want.' So the professor became a Christian, gave up his Chinese college at the end of the year, and next year became professor in a Christian college at Canton, where he has done a great deal of good."

"And I have heard," returned Aunt Abby, "that some of the Christian Chinese who go back home from California have to endure great persecution, but are steadfast and firm amid it all, in fact, so much so, that one of the evangelists, Mr. Joe Jet, I think it was, said he considered their fidelity and consecration could not have been surpassed even in the histories of the disciples of the early church. There can be no doubt about the real conversion of such men."

"Don't you remember," asked her sister, "that Chinaman of San Francisco, who, when he was away from school a few months, wrote back to his teacher that he missed the teaching he had been having? He said, 'When you teach me about Jesus, it is like a sheep on the mountain eating green grass, and like pouring cool water on my heart when I am thirsty.'"

And so the two women talked on of the Baptist Chinese Church in San Francisco, of the faithfulness of the converted Chinamen there; of their readiness to give for missions, even at a cost of personal sacrifice; of the work among the Chinese in Sacramento, Fresno, Tulare, and Los Angeles; and of the prophecy of Dong Gong, one of the Baptist Chinese of San Francisco, that China will yet become a Christian nation.

So interested did they become that they called Jessie from the other room to read them the extract to which they had referred.

Knowing just where it was, Jessie easily found it, and read, in a firm, clear voice, very pleasing to her auditors, for she had a talent in that direction.

"Extract from a communication written by Mr. Dong Gong, member of the Chinese Baptist Church, of San Francisco, and handed to Rev. Dr. Hartwell, then superintendent of missions for the Chinese on the Pacific Coast: 'I do not believe that China is a nation deserted of God, for they have always believed in a spirit greater than man. When the doctrine of Mohammed was introduced, Ko-Wongtai (Emperor) appointed Lee Chung to translate his teaching, called it a holy book and wished it to be adopted by the people. Buddhism they adopted with devotion. When the Christian religion was first introduced by the Catholics, Tsui Kwong Kai, the Prime Minister of the State of the Ming Dynasty, appealed to the emperor to adopt it. He considered all other religions insufficient to change the hearts of men. He stated that two hundred and fifty years to Mohammed and eighteen hundred years devoted to Buddhism, had failed to give satisfaction, or show improvement. The prayers of the priesthood were a hidden secret; no man understood them. He then explained the Christian religion, its precepts and teachings. I believe China will yet become a Christian

nation; although slowly, yet such a time will surely come."

Without commenting upon the extract, Jessie went to her room as soon as it was finished, and there thanked God that she had ever been permitted to teach among the Chinese. And turning the leaves of a copy of the "Kingdom," that she had picked up in the auditorium, she found this statement concerning China: "As the whole of the East is becoming better known, and the real character of its various peoples more correctly understood, it is acknowledged that China dominates the East, and the conversion of China means the triumph of Christianity in Asia. The reason for this lies not only in the immense size of the country and the almost inconceivable multitude of the people, in the strength of their intellectual and moral character, and in their indefatigable industry, but also in the fact that they are making a peaceful invasion of all the other countries of Asia, and by their superior ability and industry capturing the commercial and industrial activities of those countries from the nerveless hands of the natives. The business of Siam is almost wholly in the hands of the Chinese. The same is largely true of the straits, settlements, and adjacent islands, and they are becoming increasingly influential every year in Burma, India, and even in Japan. It is saying very little to observe that the evangelization of the Chinese is more important than that of any other race. As far as all

human standards are concerned, they are so far beyond any other heathen nation, that there is no comparison to be made."

"And I can work for them," whispered Jessie; "I can do a little for them, even though I am so busy at home. I am so thankful that I can have part in the work for that great nation! Who knows how far such work done in California may be carried by the converted Chinese who go back to China."

That is a question that no American in the United States can answer. How far will Christian work done here extend! How far does this home work become foreign? Mr. Joe Jet, a Christian evangelist, returned from this country to China, and he with his workers, a colporter, a physician, and an assistant, received many invitations to preach and give medical treatment among the villages of South China, most of the meetings being held in ancestral halls, a privilege that in former years would not have been allowed. In one place Joe Jet and his workers were permitted to use a large temple where there were many idols. More than eight hundred people came from the surrounding villages to this temple for medical treatment, and more than a thousand people heard the word of God. Said Jee Gam, another Christian Chinese: "Many of the hearers have shown gratitude for our work. The keeper of the temple frankly confessed, when questioned by Joe Jet, that the idol was simply a block of wood, and

therefore, it had no spirit. May the Lord water the seed sown in this temple."

Surely every American Christian ought to be alert to bring every Chinaman possible to the knowledge of Christ. Who can tell how many foreign missionaries one American Christian may send back to China in this way? Look at the following facts, and see if they are not enough to startle every true Christian into activity:

"China's population is estimated at three hundred and eighty-two millions. China holds one-third of the entire heathen world, and one man in every four on this planet is a Chinaman. Only one in ten thousand has ever heard of Christianity. There are still in China one thousand counties, and an almost countless number of cities, towns, and villages, wherein the gospel has never been preached. Whole provinces, containing from five million to thirty million souls each, have scarcely been been trod by Christian feet.

"Could China's population be equally apportioned to the present staff of missionaries, male and female, each would have a parish of three hundred and fifty thousand souls. One thousand four hundred Chinese have passed into Christless graves during the past sixty minutes. Thirty thousand will to-day be ushered into eternity!"

The subject was one very near her heart, and Jessie read on, her interest deepening as she did so. The maga-

zines were at her hand, and with little effort could she turn to items on China. From the "American Home Missionary" she read:

"For this mission in California is proving a direct and important feeder of the foreign missionary enterprise in China. Many who are converted in America are led to go back to preach the gospel to their countrymen, while those who remain here have joined in supporting and directing a mission there. In co-operation with our American Board, and under the care of its missionaries, they have established themselves in Southern China, whence most of these emigrants have come, and there they are seeking to focus the effort of returning Christian Chinaman to proclaim the gospel." "A work which so cements home and foreign missions, and leads the disciple to promptly and faithfully fulfill his Lord's last command, lays claim to our abundant support."

"In regard to the faithfulness of Christian Chinese, take this testimony of Louie Quong, a converted Chinaman of San Francisco: 'When our store on Dupont street was started, about four years ago, the heathen Chinese came, as it is their custom, with the subscription books to get some money from the firm for the Joss house. I told them that I am a Christian and cannot give to the Joss houses, and though they have asked me very often, I have never allowed the name of our firm to appear in their subscription books.

Though all my cousins know that I am a Christian, they never do anything against me for it, except to now and then make a little fun of me."

"On the Pacific coast there are now over two thousand Christian Chinese who have been received as members of evangelical churches."

The following is Louie Quong's account of his conversion in San Francisco:

"It was May, 1882, when I first beheld the shores of San Francisco. Only two or three days after my arrival, a friend invited me to go with him to school. So we went to the Central Mission House, and, though rather lazy and not at all anxious to learn, I attended school pretty regularly. The first sermon I heard there was about Jesus walking on the water, and I thought the man who would preach such a thing must be crazy. But as I heard more of the gospel story, my mind gradually changed, and when one evening a Christian brother told about Nicodemus, my heart was touched. However, I did not then decide to accept Christ. Soon after this, Mr. Jee Gam asked me to join the Christian Association. I thought that it could do me no harm to do so, and as it is always hard for me to refuse, I consented. Now I know that, though a member of our Association, I was not at that time really a follower of the blessed Jesus.

"Pretty soon my brother and heathen cousins heard that I had joined the Christians, and teased me and laughed at me for it. I told them that I had joined the Association, but that I only pretended to be a Christian. For several months I had passed as a Christian, when one of the brethren, Yee Yon, invited me to live with him at the Christian Brethren's Home.

"There I was all the time in the company of Christian men, and we studied the Bible a great deal. I noticed that the behaviour and actions of these Christian people were different from those of the heathen. And I am now sure it was while studying the Bible with these faithful friends that God's Spirit changed my heart, and I accepted the Saviour of the world as my Saviour.

"Upon Louie Quong's joining the church in 1884, his brother was offended. Louie Quong says: 'My brother was very angry about it and wrote to my father, accusing me of changing to the foreign religion. My father sent me a letter, scolding me, and commanding me to keep my old Chinese belief. As it happened, about this time my Christian friend, Yee Yon, was just returning to China. I sent him to my father with a sum of money and a long letter, explaining to him the Christian religion; also my friend talked to him a great deal. As a result of this my father's next letter said: "No matter where you are, or what you are, if you are good, that will be all right, and I shall be satisfied with you." Since then my parents have troubled me no more about my religion.'"

"Dong Gong, the Baptist Chinaman of San Francisco, before referred to, says: 'A gentleman came to the mission and talked to the Chinese a few times about Christianity, and made but little impression. Afterward I met him, and he said he thought the Chinese could not be converted. He said, "Look at the Sandwich Islands and other islands; almost the entire population converted in a few years." I told him the Islands did not have the belief and teaching the Chinese had, and the Islands are more or less controlled by Europeans and their teachings and books, and they embrace a faith more readily, but the Chinese have such numberless teachings, rewarding the people who do good and punishing the wrong-doers."

Jessie learned a good deal from her reading, and just as she was wondering what she could do, she came upon the following suggestion, which plan had been successfully tried by some schools and mission lands.

"One very simple method of work has been suggested, in which any of our youngest members may engage; that is, to have Scripture texts printed on red paper and distributed wherever we find a Chinaman. Red is the favorite color of the Chinese, and they are willing to hang such cards in their laundries where some one will see them and perhaps be helped, even if the owner himself cares nothing for the thought expressed."

The idea was a new one to Jessie, but after a mo-

ment's thought she clearly saw how helpful it might easily become. Many Chinese she knew could read English, and if the texts were simple and easily read, printed in large, clear letters, they might reach some dark heart, and thereby prove a great blessing.

### CHAPTER IX.

#### JESSIE PERSEVERES.

"Laborers wanted." The ripening grain
Waits to welcome the reaper's cry;
The Lord of the harvest calls again;
Who among us shall first reply,
"Who is wanted, Lord? Is it I?"

The Master calls, but the servants wait;
Fields gleam white 'neath a cloudless sky;
Will none seize sickle before too late,
Ere the winter's winds come sweeping by?
Who is delaying? Is it I?

Portuguese were coming home from the jute mills and the cotton mill. Going over on a morning train one looked out of a car window and saw a numerous company of girls and boys, some mere children, not more than nine or ten years old, bound for their daily work in the jute mill. Passing down a street some afternoon one might see a long, stage-like vehicle, both sides lined with Portuguese young people, riding from the mills to their country homes. The jute-mill day was done.

In town, on market days, the Portuguese women came in little companies to the train, and rode to the free market with their baskets on their arms. Coming home the baskets would be full of vegetables and fruit, and an unlucky hen or two would hang head downward, grasped by a Portuguese woman's hand. The Portuguese are thrifty, and almost always have an honest penny to spend.

Over in San Francisco, the lists of letters advertised by the post office were divided into different nationalities, and there was sometimes a separate division of "Cartas Portuguezas," in which the names "Manuel" and "José" shone pre-eminent as preferred Christian cognomens for the owners of uncalled-for letters written in that tongue for which the native Portuguese grammarians have claimed the title of "eldest daughter of the Latin."

Up in the foothills of the Coast Range, Portuguese men cut the trees for firewood, and piled it beside the roads. Numerous Portuguese tilled vegetable gardens here and there through the county in which Jessie lived. And yet, numerous as these people were, she did not know of any especial religious work being done for them in her own town, unless it was by the Roman Catholics.

"But when the Portuguese are converted, they are true, I think," said Aunt Abby.

She had just been telling Jessie about the only

Protestant Portuguese whom they knew. His father had written to the young man, inviting him to come back to Portugal and be educated for a Roman Catholic priest. The father offered to pay all the son's expenses for education, but the son could not give up his Protestant faith. He was working beyond his strength, trying to educate himself so as to become a Baptist preacher among his own countrymen. He could not become a Catholic priest, even though that might mean an easy life for him. He felt too deeply the need of his nation. The cry for prayers for his "poor people" was an earnest one from him.

"I am glad he is not going back to Portugal," answered Jessie. "I am afraid something would be done to him there. The encyclopædias say that though the Roman Catholic is the State religion, yet all other religions are tolerated. But I saw in another book the other day a statement which seemed to contradict that. I am afraid, if he went back, he would be persecuted some way. Don't you know I read the other day that at the Workers' Convention, in Nashville, one man, Victor Spinetto, of Italy, said that he was once put upon bread and water for three weeks because a copy of the Bible was found in his Roman Catholicism hates the Bible. possession? And the Portuguese believe the Catholics are right, I suppose."

"Whether all the Portuguese are firm Catholics

or not," rejoined Aunt Abby, "I was reading only the other day about how the Portuguese and Catholicism got ahead of our missionaries down in Africa awhile ago."

"They did?" questioned Jessie.

"Yes," affirmed Aunt Abby. "Old Umzila, one of the Zulus there, said to Mr. Richards: 'Give us five missionaries as soon as possible.' But old Umzila died without seeing his missionaries, and five years after the request his son, Gungunyano, was asked by missionaries to let them come in and plant missions. But he was under Portuguese influence by that time, and two Catholic 'sisters' were already on the field, and Gungunyano answered, the Protestant missionaries: 'Oh, no, not now! Your feet have too long delayed to come. You see I have other teachers at last.'"

Jessie sighed.

"That makes me think of the sentiment of a little poem I saw the other day, and echo it as my own, The King's Business Requireth Haste."

"A poem did you say, dear?"

" Yes."

"Will you not read it to me then?"

"Certainly. I will get it; it is in my scrap-book."

In a moment Jessie returned with the book in her hand. As she opened to the place she said:

"It is by Mrs. E. E. Williams, and I think it is very pretty."

Then she read:

## "THE KING'S BUSINESS REQUIRETH HASTE.

"How rapidly the time is flying, How little is being done: How many unsaved ones dying. How few for the Master won! Oh, see how the surging masses go Downward, still downward, to endless woe! While resting at ease on Zion's walls The watchmen sleep though the Master calls, And the shadow of evening around them falls, And life's sun is sinking low.

"Oh, think of the moments wasting, Slipping away so fast; Of the hours so swiftly hasting Into the silent past; Of the days—each burdened with precious freight, Of opportunities, small and great, Of the harvest vast, of the laborers few, Of the idle hands, of the work to do-Oh, think! but listen—He calleth you; And 'twill soon be too late, too late!

"Then haste to the conflict, brothers, For the night is drawing on, When all we can do for others Will forevermore be done! How short at the longest life must be! How near to us now is eternity! For the love of souls to the work away, Nor linger idly another day; But gladly now to the Master say:

'Hear am I, Lord; send me.'"

"Yes, it does," agreed Aunt Abby, earnestly, when she was through reading. "However, referring to what Gungunyano said, I believe Africa has been thrown open more since he said that."

"But it shows that Portuguese influence is Catholic influence everywhere," inferred Jessie; "I wish those Catholic 'sisters' would not be so zealous."

"And I wish Protestant Christians would be more so," returned Aunt Abby.

Passing a number of houses the next Sunday toward evening, when she was on her way to the young people's prayer meeting, Jessie glanced up at a cottage, and saw a Portuguese woman holding a baby, looking out of the open window. A dark-eyed small boy put his head out of the other side of the double window. Behind him Jessie saw the heads of two little girls.

Jessie passed on. Two Catholic nuns, shrouded in black, adorned with black crucifix and beads, wearing white inner margins to their black veils, met Jessie as she went toward the corner of the block. Jessie glanced behind her after passing the "sisters." She expected that they would stop at the Portuguese house, but the nuns went steadily on. The Portuguese woman at the window looked down at the nuns, but they did not look up or deign to notice her in any way, as far as Jessie could see. The nuns went on toward the Catholic church and the convent, several blocks away.

Jessie waited only until the nuns had gone past the Portuguese house. Then the girl turned back. She had found in her Bible a large colored card.

"Would the children like a picture-card?" asked Jessie, over the fence of the little yard.

The nuns had not reached the corner of the block yet. They did not know what Jessie was attempting to do behind their backs.

"Yes," answered the woman at the window.

There was no doubt about it. An excited rush was heard and three children burst out the door. The oldest girl reached the gate first, and Jessie gave the child the card, reading her the written prayer "Create in me a clean heart, O God!" and adding a very few words of explanation. The child nodded assent.

"Give me a card!" eagerly called the black-eyed small boy, half-way down the steps of the house.

"I have but one card with me," apologized Jessie, who usually had distributed almost all her tracts and cards by Sunday evening.

She invited the children to Sunday-school, explaining to her hearers where the school was held. The mother said they went to church, motioning toward the Catholic edifice in the distance. But, nevertheless, the mother seemed willing that the children should go to Sunday-school, and Jessie tried to explain at what time next Sunday the session would be held.

She went on her way, but she had gone only the

width of two or three house-yards, when she heard shouts behind her, and turning, saw that she was wanted at the Portuguese house. She hastened back.

"You stop for me to go to school?" eagerly shouted the questioning little Portuguese boy from the window; "you stop to-morrow morning?"

The little fellow was greatly interested and excited.

"Is you the teacher?" he asked.

"Yes," answered Jessie, meaning that she was one of them; "but not to-morrow. Next Sunday."

Just as she turned to go away, a Portuguese man came out of the door and stood looking at her. His face was somewhat forbidding, Jessie thought. She would not like to appeal to him about the little boy's coming to Sunday-school.

"If that is the father, I don't know about that boy's being allowed to go," thought Jessie, with some misgiving.

But when next Sunday came, Jessie planned to stop for the enthusiastic small Portuguese. She went down a hill, and crossed a bridge leading to an embankment. From there, as she walked, she could look down into the yard of a Chinese dwelling-house. Several of them lived there, and to one of them Jessie had given a copy of the New Testament in Chinese. She had obtained the Testament with some others from the agent of the Publication Society, each book being stamped with the words "Presented by the American Baptist

Publication Society." The Chinese in this house seemed to be very industrious, and one or two of them could talk English quite well.

On the back porch of the little house Jessie could see one of the men sousing some clothes up and down in a tub. He left the clothes and went down the steps, and began wiping the clothes-line. Whatever the effect of Jessie's Testament had been in that dwelling, one Chinese at least had not yet learned not to work on Sunday.

"But then, poor fellow!" thought Jessie: "even if that Testament has been read a little by all the Chinese in that house, yet they have the example of so many white people who break Sunday. I do hope that Testament will do good there. I am sure the one to whom I gave it seemed bright enough to understand a good deal that he might read in it."

And Jessie remembered hearing that at Fresno a woman went to visit an old Chinese whose son had been baptized at Tulare. The woman gave the old man part of the New Testament. The old man took it, but did not promise to read it. The woman spoke to him of his son's conversion and baptism, and the poor old man said: "My son loves his father no longer, now that he has joined the church!"

The poor man perhaps thought that when he should die, there would be no one to worship him, as his only son had become a Christian. "Perhaps after his son came from Tulare to see the old man, the father may not have felt so badly," thought Jessie. "I suppose it is hard to see one's family leaving the religion of one's fathers."

Nevertheless, she hoped that piece of a New Testament might do good to the old man in Fresno, as she hoped the New Testaments she had distributed might be blessed here. And so, not quite discouraged by the sight of the Chinese still washing on Sunday, Jessie left the embankment and went on toward the house where the Portuguese lived.

She reached it in a short time, but alas! there were two Portuguese men sitting on the front steps. The little boy was there too. Jessie had planned to go up the steps and ring the bell, and perhaps have to wait for the boy to be made ready for Sunday-school. She had not thought of such apparitions as these two Portuguese men, one sitting a few steps above another.

Jessie paused at the gate. She could not go by without speaking, after promising to stop for the little boy.

"Excuse me," she began, "but ——"

There was a loud bang at the front door, and another child appeared, to whom the small boy shouted something. The Portuguese father commanded them to be still.

"What did you say?" he asked.

"I passed here last Sunday night," explained Jessie,

"and I asked the children if they would go to Sunday-school. The little boy wanted me to stop for him. May the children go?"

"No, ma'am," promptly returned the Portuguese father.

Jessie did not attempt to argue at all.

"I thought perhaps you would let them go," she said, meekly, and passed on. She heard a loud voice or two in Portuguese, but she could not tell whether the father was blaming the little boy, or whether some other cause produced the outburst.

"The Portuguese children would be perfectly willing to come to Sunday-school, and I think I could manage the mothers, but the fathers are apt to be so grim!" soliloquized Jessie; "and yet I don't know that they can be blamed. I suppose they think I would lead their children wrong. I wonder if Tony will be at Sunday-school to-day?"

"Tony" was a Portuguese boy who had suddenly appeared among Jessie's Sunday-school boys a little while before this. He was a worker in the cotton mills. Thirteen years old was Tony, and he stretched his neck and squirmed around in the class to see what the boys in other classes were doing. Jessie tried to teach him to the best of her ability, but he came only two Sundays. When he stopped coming, Jessie went to see his mother, Mrs. Alves, who promised that Tony should come "by-and-by," but the lad had never

reappeared. Jessie obtained a Portuguese New Testament, and carried it to Mrs. Alves, who could read Portuguese, but whose stock of English words was so small that a girl from across the street had to be called in to make conversations between Jessie and Mrs. Alves clear. If the language had been Spanish, Jessie thought she could, perhaps, have expressed herself so as to make Mrs. Alves understand. But, though there were some Spanish in San Francisco, yet there appeared to be almost none where Jessie lived, the Portuguese seeming to be numerous, instead.

"How much?" questioned Mrs. Alves, turning the leaves of the New Testament Jessie had handed to her.

"Oh, nothing!" responded Jessie, suddenly becoming aware that there was a possibility of her being looked upon in the light of a book agent. "You read."

And Mrs. Alves kept the book, and thanked Jessie. Yet the girl wondered now if it might not have been better to charge Mrs. Alves five or ten cents for the Testament. Jessie had been informed that if the Portuguese were charged a little something for the book, the priest would not be so likely to get the Testaments.

And yet Jessie felt a little gladness now as she went on her way, after being refused by the Portuguese father. She was thinking of the Portuguese Testaments that she had succeeded in distributing. They were few in number, but she thought of that Bible verse that likens the word of the Lord to a hammer—"Is not my word like a fire? saith the Lord; and like a hammer that breaketh the rock in pieces?"

"Like a hammer," the girl repeated to herself.
"Who may resist such a weapon as that? Can
even the church of Rome, mighty as it is, withstand
the blows of the hammer of the Lord. There is hope
yet for the Portuguese of California, if only the Bible
might be placed in every home. But who shall do it?

"Dr. Adoniram Judson, the great apostle of Burma, was of the opinion that God would honor his word wherever it was distributed. He believed that it would do a great work among the heathen, even where the voice of the living minister was not heard. If this be so, how necessary it is for us to give circulation to the word of God in the United States."

There were two other peoples among the varied nationalities of California who appealed especially to Jessie's heart. They were the Spanish and the native Indians; the Spanish untouched by Baptist influence, the only work being done in Los Angeles and vicinity was by the Presbyterians; and the Indians who have been taught in part by the Baptist missionaries, Mr. and Mrs. Merriam, formerly of the Round Valley Reservation in northern California. Jessie could remember how, in her childhood, the poor, degraded

Digger Indians used to come to her home in a little town of the foothills of the Sierra Nevada, and ask for watermelons. She could remember the sound of the wailing for the dead, heard at evening, borne from the Indian camp far outside town. The sound of that sad wailing for the dead mingled with her thoughts and remembrances when Jessie read the following letter that evening, written by Mrs. Merriam to a member of the mission circle of Jessie's church:

## "ROUND VALLEY RESERVATION.

"My Dear Sisters:—I am very glad to tell you something regarding the people and our work here on this mission field, for I know that our hearts become more deeply interested in that of which we have some definite knowledge, and if there be a people that needs the kindly interest and earnest prayers of Christians, it certainly is these poor degraded Indians.

"This valley, as perhaps you know, is about two hundred miles north of you, nearly round, as its name implies, and entirely surrounded by mountains. In many respects it is a delightful valley.

"There are about six hundred Indians, representing remnants of several different tribes, though not of the most noble and intelligent ones. They are called civilized Indians, as they have adopted the American dress, and all, except the very old people, speak the English language quite well. The majority of them

live at Headquarters and Lower Quarters, which are about a mile apart, though some are scattered about in different parts of the reservation; they have little board cabins, with a rough fireplace, and usually one small window of four panes of glass, and this is so high that it is of but little use to them; they almost invariably have the door open. Their cabins, with a few exceptions, are very filthy and filled with rubbish, and I often find three or four women sitting in the ashes and dirt in front of the fireplace, cooking or eating their meal, which I will not attempt to describe, for I could not do it justice. It is a sad sight, and my heart aches for these poor souls in their degradation. In one of my round of visits I came across what I supposed was a dog-house, but I saw a smoke issuing from it, and went up to it, and there found an old man curled up in that little tepee (I think they call it) apparently dying. There was a small opening, and just inside on the ground was a little fire made of small sticks, and here on the ground and in the smoke lay this human body, and I could do nothing for him, neither soul or body, for he could not understand a word of English, and I could not get near him. turned away sick at heart. There was no one but an old blind sister to care for him.

"There is scarcely an old person on the Reservation who is not totally blind or nearly so, and very many of the younger people. "The Indians here, as a class, are ignorant, degraded, indolent, and addicted to nearly every vice. Drunkenness, with all its attendant evils, is common here, though liquor selling is not allowed on the Reservation; but Covelo, the little town of white people about a mile from headquarters, supplies it freely. This, of course, is forbidden, but still it is done. Gambling is another vice for which the white man is largely responsible, and which deprives many an Indian home of many comforts it might otherwise have. There seems to be but little affection for one another in the households here. Their law is to take but not to give; they seem to feel that the Government owes them everything, and they will not work unless compelled to.

"We have no help in our Sunday-school, as there are no Christian white people to assist, and the only Christian Indians there are cannot read. There are but two Indians, one man and one woman, who ever take any part in our meetings, though there are two or three more who say they are Christians, and I believe they are as far as they understand what it means. One of the most intelligent of these is slowly wasting with consumption.

"Our congregations vary, ranging from forty to seventy-five.

"When I visit these homes, I do not wonder that the young people want to get away from them, though there is no better place to go. I often go to the door and knock, or if the woman is outdoors, as she usually is when the sun shines, I speak to her and she will answer without even looking up, or asking me to be seated, but I go on talking to her, and in the meantime look around, and if I see a bench or box that I can sit on, I help myself and interest myself in whatever she is doing, and try to show her that I am interested in her, both as respects this life and her future life, and repeat or read to her some passage from God's word.

"There are exceptions of course to this; in some of the cabins I am treated as civilly as by the white people."

There were no Indians in the place where Jessie lived, and so she felt she could not do anything for this people. Yet, as she remembered the sound of that wailing over the dead, she felt that among the California Indians there was scope for the efforts of Christian workers. How ignorant and hopeless were such Indians, and yet they had souls!

At a missionary meeting Jessie had once seen one of the two ladies who, before the coming of Mr. and Mrs. Merriam to Round Valley, had tried to carry on mission work among the Indians there. When these two ladies first went to Round Valley, they had to live in a wretched building, "worse than our barn at home," said the worker whom Jessie saw, but through the Women's Indian Association a new building was put up, and there the two teachers took in the Indian girls and kept them from the evils of camp life. The teachers held a woman's meeting twice a week early in the morning, and from fifteen to twenty Indian women would come with their babies strapped on their backs. At first it was hard work to make the women realize that they could have a meeting of their own. They thought that meetings belonged to the men.

At another mission meeting Jessie had once met a young lady who was a government teacher among the mission Indians at the reservation on the edge of the desert, about seventy-four miles below Los Angeles. This teacher, Miss Morris, had, at the time Jessie saw her, been fifteen months among the Indians, being the only white person on the reservation. The schoolhouse having been burned, the brave young teacher lived in an Indian hovel, and taught school in another hovel, until the Indians, impatient at the government's slowness in building another schoolhouse, sold their barley and they themselves built not only a schoolhouse, but a small dwelling house for Miss Morris. Mission work was forbidden during school hours, but mornings, and Saturdays, and Sunday afternoons, Miss Morris tried to do all that she could in this direction.

But no opportunity of doing anything for either the Indians or the Spanish seemed to come to Jessie, although she and her mother always read the Spanish New Testament daily at morning prayers, keeping partly in touch with the language, if any opportunity should present itself.

"Though I suppose Spanish work would have the same difficulty that Portuguese work has," Jessie reasoned; "the opposition of the Catholic priests and nuns."

The Portuguese and Chinese seemed to be the people among whom opportunities were given to her.

Coming out of a grocery store one evening after dusk, Jessie found a wagon waiting beside the walk. In the wagon were a Portuguese father and mother with four boys. They looked as if bound for a long ride after a day's work. Perhaps they lived far in the hills. A great ache of longing to do something for this poor family, sitting there in the darkness of spiritual ignorance as well as the darkness of the evening, went through Jessie's heart. She had not even the Portuguese text of John 3:16 with her. She could do nothing but pass by in the dark, praying for the poor Portuguese who sat there.

"'The people which sat in darkness saw great light," thought the girl; "dear Lord, let thy light come to these Portuguese."

Jessie had become acquainted with the new Portuguese family from Honolulu, by getting the father to cut some wood. There were six children in the family. One of the little girls was named "Gosissa." They

lived too far away to go to Sunday-school, but Jessie gave one of the children the text of John 3:16, and also fastened another copy of the text on the fence next to a place where a board had been removed to make an opening into the wood lot. The Portuguese father and mother were very friendly, and the man did his work honestly and promptly. The children needed washing, but were bright, friendly little folks, and the parents addressed Jessie as "sir"; saying "How do, sir?" "Good-bye, sir," with cheerful ignorance of English distinctions in speech.

One Sunday, as she was coming home from church, Jessie saw three little girls standing at a corner. One of the children looked steadfastly at Jessie as she drew near, and appealed to her:

"Give me a picture?"

"A picture?" questioned Jessie, a little surprised at the request.

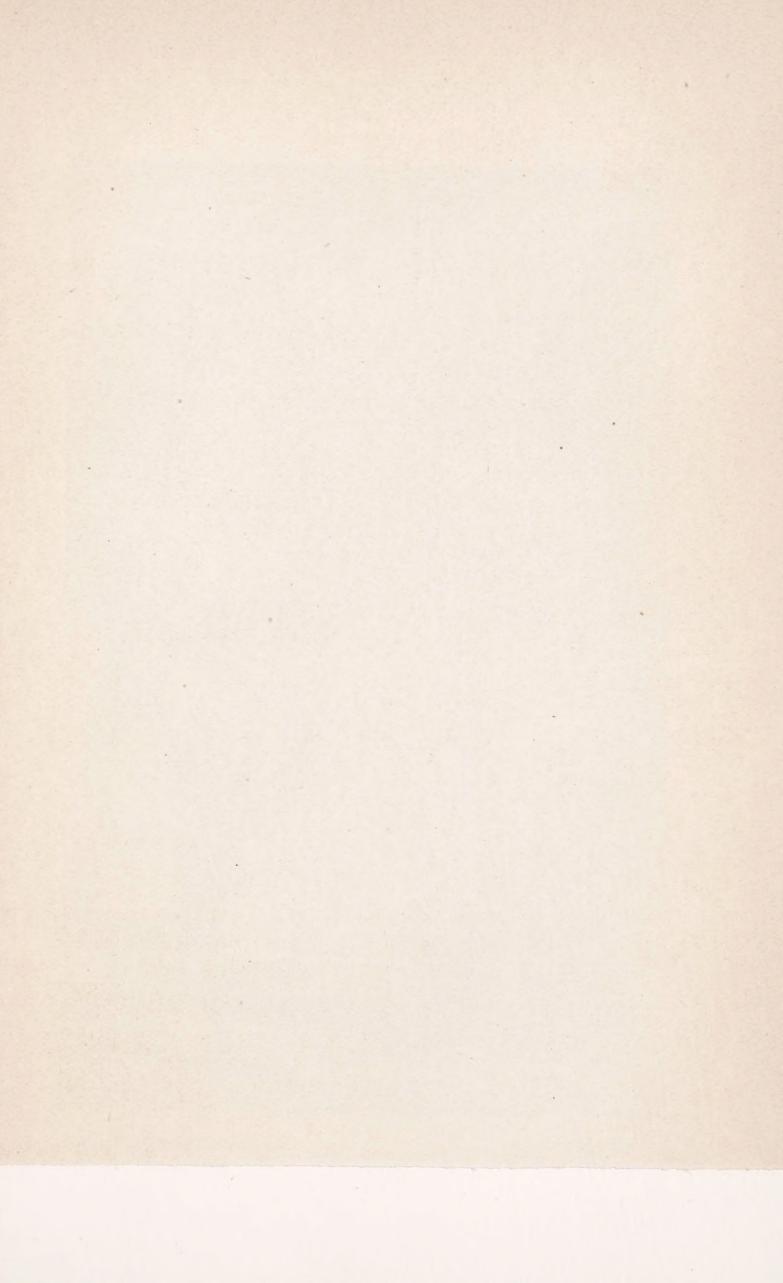
She looked at the other little girl.

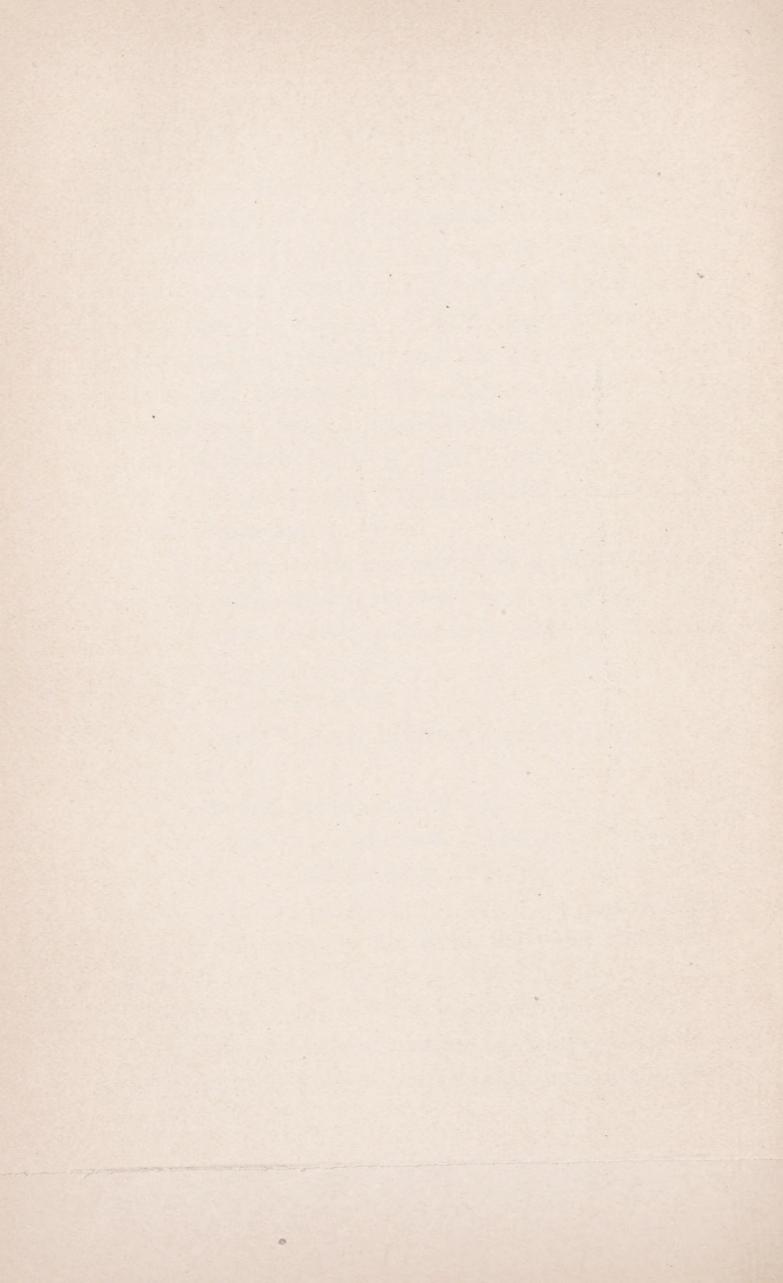
"Why, Jetro!" exclaimed Jessie, recognizing her former scholar of one Sunday; "Is this you?"

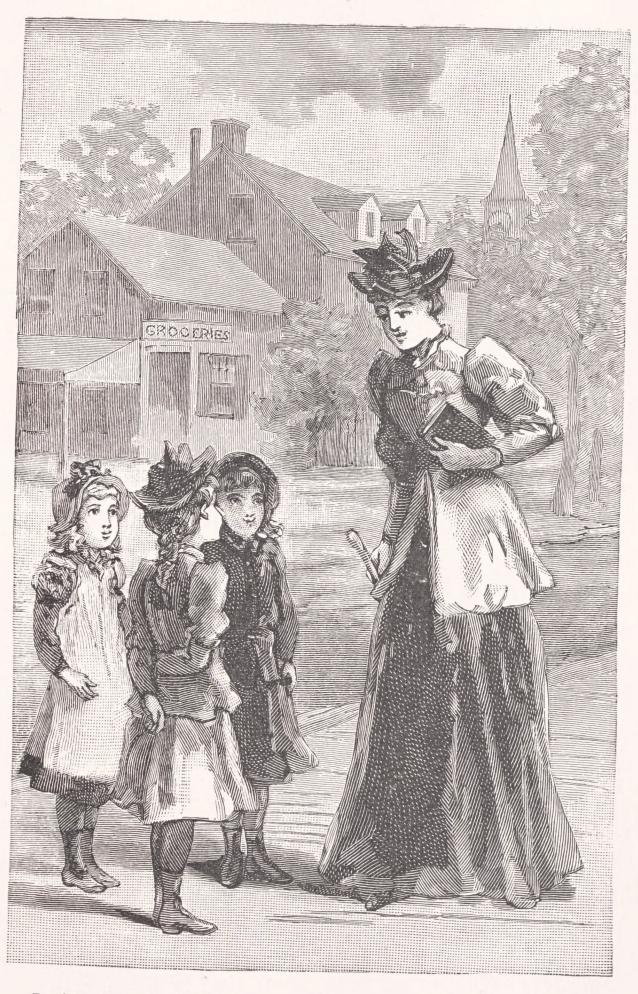
Jetro smiled in recognition. Jessie had not thought of seeing the child so far from the place where she had lived before. The family had evidently moved.

"Can't you come to Sunday-school, Jetro?"

"I'll ask my mother," replied the willing Jetro, beginning to make haste to run in at the gate of the next house.







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"No, not now!" quickly interposed Jessie, her morning Sunday-school being over; "next Sunday; you see if you can come then."

Jessie had no desire to have Mrs. Pereira called to the door. She would, no doubt, remember her husband's firm refusal.

But the little girls evidently expected something from Jessie.

"Now this other child has been told by Jetro about that bird-picture with the text," thought Jessie, hastily looking through her Bible. "They think I go about with a supply of cards. What shall I do?"

There seemed to be no pictures with her, save a few illustrations of heathen gods. She had brought and used the pictures to make more interesting the Sunday-school lesson. What good would it do to give Jetro or this other little girl a picture of Dagon, the fishgod?

Suddenly, Jessie noticed her Sunday-school paper in her hymn-book. She pulled "The Sunlight" out, hurriedly.

"Can you read?" asked Jessie.

"My brother can, a little," answered the friend of Jetro, and Jessie gave the children the paper. Its pictures would be intelligible, anyway. The children ran with it through a gate and toward the back door of a house, while Jessie went on toward home.

"I don't know what the Portuguese father will

think when he sees your paper," warned her mother, after Jessie had told of her meeting with Jetro.

"Perhaps he won't see it," said Jessie. "Anyway, I could not help it. It was all I had to give."

Jessie had a faint hope, from what Jetro had evidently told her little friend, that possibly the beauty of the bird-cards might have prevented their being destroyed. It might be possible that, hidden among Jetro's treasures, there yet remained one of those brightly colored cards with the words "Create in me a clean heart, O God!" pen-printed on it. Would Jetro keep the card until she could read the words; until she knew what they meant; and until she made that prayer her own? Only God knew. The power of the priests and the nuns was strong, but God could work, and who should hinder?

And he could bless these Chinese Testaments, queer-looking books though they were, with strange characters, distributed by Jessie in the shabby wash-houses where the walls had their red-paper signs; where the queer, jerky language, the peculiar odor of the air, the sound of the water shot with force through the teeth of some Chinese engaged in sprinkling clothes after that fashion, the sight of olive faces and long queues, blue blouses or white attire, succeeded in impressing the passer-by with a sense of being among aliens even while he recognized the familiar process of ironing. At one such house Jessie had given a Testa-

ment to the ironer next to the street-door. He stopped his work a minute, while all the other men in the room turned around or looked up. One Chinese, who had been smoking by the stove, arose and stepped forward.

"You read Chinese?" Jessie asked, and the ironer, who was turning the leaves of the Testament, responded:

"All lite."

So Jessie went away, and a jargon of sounds arose as the wash-house inhabitants made remarks to one another.

At another house, from which Jessie had sometimes in passing heard the mild tinkling of a kind of Chinese guitar, making a monotonous "music" in the hands of some hard-working laborer who was resting just inside the door, she found a man who could talk English quite well.

"You like the New Testament? You read Chinese?" questioned Jessie, presenting her gift.

The man took the book and looked at it.

"All lite. Tank you," he responded, politely.

Here and there the word was left in the hands of these poor toilers. There were a number of washhouses. Did it mean nothing that the New Testament in Chinese had entered their doors?

Jessie remembered that at Port Townsend, Washington, the Chinese grew so anxious to have a mission-school, that at last they took the room in which they had

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kept their heathen "Joss," and fitted it up with electric lights, etc., for a school. If God could so move upon the Chinese of Port Townsend as to lead them to do so wonderful a thing as that, could not he bless his own word in these Chinese houses? Jessie felt more encouragement in regard to the Chinese than she did concerning the Portuguese. Yet both these peoples were in God's hands, and all she could do was to prayerfully seize every opportunity of working among either class.

"God, he know," voluntarily said one Portuguese woman to Jessie, speaking of the hard work it had been to feed her six children since the family came from Honolulu to California, six months before. The speech may have implied some faith, or it may have been merely the Catholic readiness to speak of God. But Jessie, standing in the twilight exchanging a few words with the woman over the fence of the little yard, could not but hope that, in the midst of her ignorance, this woman had some seeking after God.

If only the women among these two nations, the Portuguese and the Chinese, could be converted, what a difference there would be in the homes in the teaching of the children! How little have the twenty-five hundred Chinese women of San Francisco been touched by the gospel! What a field for Christian American women exists among their darker sisters in the Chinese homes of that city!

Returning home that night Jessie read from the "American Missionary" of January, 1893, the following letter:

"During the past few months, in making medical visits to the Chinese families of San Francisco, I have been more than ever impressed with the need of more work being done for the Chinese women and girls.

"There are in this city about twenty-five hundred women, not including the girls, and very few of these ever see anything of the outside world. They spend most of their lives in one or two rooms, and in superstition and ignorance.

"While much has been accomplished for the men, comparatively little has been done for the women. The girls, after about ten years of age, are very seldom allowed on the street. Certainly it is much harder work reaching the women than the men, and different means have to be used. I have found that in many of the houses an American visitor has never been seen, but would be made very welcome. I have no time to follow up my professional visits with adequate gospel work, although repeatedly urged to call again and to call often. These visits of mine are their only contact with the outside world.

"In another family, where I have been attending the baby, all the women living in the house gather to see me. They have lately been making it a practice, on various pretenses and excuses to send for me at nine o'clock at night, and only to eat suppers. All this is done just for company, and in order to have a friend.

"It is not that all these women are poor and in need of pecuniary assistance, but they are just like children, and need to be taught; to be taught, not only how to read, but how to keep their homes clean and tidy, and many other matters pertaining to health and house-keeping. As a physician, I enter many homes, where an entrance would otherwise be denied. These women live in our midst, many of them with large families, and with a little tact on the part of a teacher, they could be brought under Christian influences.

"I would not intimate that nothing is being attempted for these women. Although some of the missions have a little work among them, the number engaged in that service cannot even make a fair beginning of what ought to be done.

"These homes, now so dark with superstition and ignorance would in due time show the effect of Christian teaching. The children, most of them born in this country, are now growing up in heathenism. They will make much better citizens if only their mothers can have the light of the gospel illuminating the darkness of their homes. There are not a few families now where one or both of the parents were born in California, and yet they are living in just as much ignorance as if they had been brought up in China."

When Jessie had finished reading, she went to the window and silently watched the coming twilight. Her thoughts traveled back to her wish to carry the gospel to Ecuador. Then, almost before she realized it, she spoke aloud, saying:

"Heathendom is here in my own country in all its blackness, and my sisters are living and dying without Christ! My work is here at my hand. Dear Lord, help me—help us, the Christian women of this glorious land, to see the need, realize the necessity for more earnest work, and seize the opportunity to carry thy name to those who sit in darkness."

## CHAPTER X.

## INTERESTING SOME ONE ELSE.

"I never could get interested in foreign missions." "Ever been at a missionary meeting?" "No." "Ever read a book on foreign missions?" "No." "Ever attend a lecture on the subject? "No." "Ever hear a missionary sermon?" "No." "Ever see a missionary?" "No." "Ever give any money for the support of missionary work?" "Why, no!"... "Who is responsible for your lack of knowledge on this subject?" No answer. "What excuse will you give at the last for not growing in grace and a knowledge of God?" No answer.—Selected.

"I am going to set a trap for Susie Barnes!"

The music lessons of the day were over; the housework was done, and that question again presented itself to Jessie: "What more can I do for foreign missions?"

"Try to interest other people in the subject," her next idea was.

"I do try," answered Jessie, and her next thought was of Susie Barnes, one of the girls who belonged to the church, which she and her mother attended.

Jessie had discovered that the only way in which she could make Susie attend any of the women's mission meetings of the church was to give her beforehand an article to read aloud at the meeting. Jessie being on the programme committee, could easily do this once in a while, and had congratulated herself that she was managing to have Susie hear a good deal of missionary information.

Susie was a good reader. She had a clear voice and enjoyed reading to people. But she never came to a missionary meeting unless Jessie invited her by assigning to her some reading. Susie was not interested in missions. She declared she did not believe in foreign missions, and Jessie was disturbed to find that although Susie would read aloud, she did not seem to be any more interested in missions than before. Jessie resolved on radical action.

"This time," she said to herself, "I am going to find something that will appeal straight to Susie's conscience, and give the article to her to read aloud."

Jessie went to the "missionary corner" of the book-case. She hunted a long time without finding just what she wanted. At last she found a mission article she had once cut out and saved. It was called "The Voices of the Women," and was an account of a dream supposed to have been had one night by a woman who had told the collector of mission money that she was not interested in foreign missions, they were so "far off." During the woman's dream, some of the women of different nations drew near and told of their pitiful condition as compared with that of this Christian

American woman who was "not interested in foreign missions."

"I don't know but Susie will think it's quite personal," thought Jessie, looking over the story; "but I'm going to have her read it."

Jessie's eye fell on a certain paragraph in which a woman of Siam spoke:

"One of them pointed at me, and said, with intense scorn: 'Women of Siam, behold this woman! She claims to love the Saviour who made her what she is; she says she is grateful to him for her sheltered, petted life, but she has no interest in us. We are taught that our very existence is a curse for misdeeds in some former state. The happiest are sold to be one of many wives, the most wretched are gambled away as slaves by our own mothers. We are brought up in profanity, in lying, in brawls, in filth. For us is no heaven, only a dreary hope of purchasing from our gods merit that shall secure for us a happier state in our next transmigration; but she is not interested in us. graded, ignorant, despised at home, she too despises us, and calls herself a follower of the meek and lowly Nazarene. He cares for us, and commands his children to bring us good tidings; but this child of his grudges a single half-hour to hear of our needs; she even refuses us her prayers because she is not interested in missions."

"That is hard on Susie, but I think she deserves

it," commented Jessie, her eye wandering farther down the column.

Various other nations were represented by women who told of their lives, and their ignorance of the way to heaven. One Chinese woman cried:

"O American woman, who hath made us to differ, and by what right are you not interested in us?"

And then the child-widows of India came.

"Instantly my platform was surrounded by little girls, the oldest under six. Such drawn, pitiful, wan faces I hope never to see again. They lifted pleading hands and raised beseeching eyes to mine, as they begged: 'O Christian lady, pray to your God for us. We are widows already, and this woe is ours for life. Look at the petted children of your land; think of the curly heads you love and the laughing eyes in your homes. Look at our tired feet and bruised arms, and remember how tenderly you hold the tiny hands and guide the dainty feet of your darlings. We beg you, spare one thought, utter one little prayer for us, for we number eighty thousand under six years old.'

"Eighty thousand pairs of eyes looked wistfully into mine for a minute, but suddenly a voice said: 'It is useless; her Saviour said, "Suffer little children to come unto me," but she is not interested.' The faint hope died out in their faces, and they all vanished."

Jessie gravely folded the story, and laid it one side. She would hand it to Susie, and see what came of it. At the next foreign missionary meeting Jessie listened eagerly. Was she mistaken, or did Susie's delightfully clear tones tremble a very little when she read what that voice from the woman of Africa said? "But this woman is not interested in us; she cares not that to us is promised no heaven that is equal to what she now enjoys; we are too far off. O God of America, are we too far off for thee to care? Is there no help for us? Is thy child a true representative of thee?"

The words were tender and thrilling. Jessie wondered if any care for their meaning lay behind that voice.

Before the circle meeting was over, the president distributed some rather large cards that had been given her for the purpose by the district secretary of the Missionary Union. Each card read as follows: "WILL YOU OFFER THIS PRAYER EVERY DAY?"

"May our Heavenly Father, who gave his only begotten Son to die for the sins of 'the whole world,' be pleased to lay heavily upon the hearts of all who profess to love Jesus Christ the responsibility of those millions and millions of 'lost souls who have never so much as heard of a Saviour.' May the Holy Spirit arouse all Christians who value their salvation to cry out, 'What shall I do? Here am I, Lord; use me to spread the knowledge of redemption through Christ.'"

One of the women made a slight objection to taking one of the prayer cards.

"Why, you can pray that, can't you?" asked the president; "'Here am I, Lord; use me to spread the knowledge of redemption through Christ.' That is what we are for, as Christians."

Jessie expected that Susie would refuse a card; but, instead, Susie took it without a word.

"I wonder if she will use it at all?" thought Jessie.

"Here is your story," said Susie, after meeting was over, handing Jessie the article, "Voices of the Women."

"I am much obliged to you for reading it to us," replied Jessie; but Susie made no answer.

The two girls walked down the street together. Susie had her prayer card still in her hand. Before the two friends parted at a corner, Susie turned to her companion.

- "I just want to know one thing," she questioned, flushing. "I suppose you will think it is a dreadful question for me to ask, but do you really believe that it makes any difference whether Christians pray for foreign missions or not? Any difference to the missions, I mean. Do prayers for foreign missions do any good?"
  - "Why, certainly!" exclaimed Jessie.
- "Did you ever know or hear of any answers to such prayers?" persisted Susie.

Jessie hesitated.

"Yes," she answered, "I know God answers prayer for missions. Don't you remember about 'Prayer meeting Hill,' at Ongole, in India?"

Susie shook her head.

"I don't know anything about it," she replied.

"It was one New Year's morning," said Jessie-"1853, I believe it was—and there had been a great deal of discouragement about the mission to the Telugus. That New Year's morning the missionaries, Dr. and Mrs. Jewett, and three native Christians went up on top of the hill, and as they looked down on the heathen temples, there seemed to come a special inclination to ask God for a missionary to be sent to Ongole. The five Christians held a prayer meeting on the hill, and they felt a strong assurance that their prayers were heard. But twelve years went by before the answer came, and then that great missionary for Ongole, Mr. Clough, arrived. And of course you have heard the rest about the great number of conversions there, and how two thousand two hundred and twenty-two were baptized in one day. And now the number of converts among the Telugus is nearly fifty thousand. Yes, God does answer prayer," reiterated Jessie, decisively.

"I believe I have heard something about it," ventured Susie, doubtfully, and Jessie, used to constant missionary information at home, was dumb with astonishment.

"Is that the only prayer you remember that was answered?" questioned Susie, as she lingered a moment.

"Really, I can't quite think," confessed Jessie, ransacking her memory. "I know that ever so many prayers for foreign missions have been answered. I will try to find out about them, and tell you."

"Never mind," apologized Susie. "Of course I know—I am sure that God really answers prayer, only I wondered if it really makes much difference whether Christians pray for missions or not."

And the girls parted. But Jessie went home, ashamed that she could not more definitely answer the question by giving instances of prayer.

"It is the first question that Susie has ever asked about foreign missions, I do believe," thought Jessie. "And she kept her prayer card. I wonder if the story I gave her to read had anything to do with it? In the appeal from the Siamese woman, she said of the American one: 'She even refuses us her prayers because she is not interested in missions.' Perhaps that struck Susie."

Whatever it was that had moved the girl to ask her question, Aunt Abby was rejoiced to hear of it.

"I tell you, Jessie," prophesied Aunt Abby, "if Susie Barnes gets to praying about foreign missions something will come of it. I will help you to find answers to that question of hers." Jessie and Aunt Abby made out the following list:

Some Answers that God has Given to Prayers about Foreign Mission Work.

1. At Tahiti. Prayer made in England. "Years of fruitless and apparently hopeless toil had almost determined the directors of the London Missionary Society to abandon altogether the work at Tahiti. Dr. Haweis, chaplain to the Countess of Huntingdon, one of the founders of the society and the father and liberal supporter of the South Sea Mission, earnestly opposed such abandonment of the field, and backed his argument by a further donation of a thousand dollars. The Rev. Matthew Wilks, the pastor of Mr. Williams, declared with great emphasis that he would sell the clothes from his back rather than give up the mission, and proposed, instead of abandonment, that a season of special prayer should be observed for the divine blessing. Such a season was observed, letters of encouragement were written to the missionaries, andmark it !--while the vessel was on her way to carry these tetters to Tahiti, another ship passed her in mid-ocean, which conveyed to Great Britain, October, 1813, the news that idolatry was entirely overthrown in the island, and bore back to London the rejected idols of the people; and so was fulfilled literally the divine promise: 'Before they call I will answer, and while they are yet speaking I will hear."

- 2. In Terra del Fuego. "When Darwin first went to Terra del Fuego he found a type of humanity so degraded that he found it hard to say whether they belonged above or below the line that separates man and beast. But Allen Gardiner made three attempts to reach these half-animal tribes. He died without seeing fruits, and his body was found by a rock, on which, in chalk, was written his dying testimony: 'Wait, oh, my soul, upon God, for my expectation is from him.' Gardiner died, but his work went on; and when again Darwin visited that southern cape, he found results of missions so amazing that he wrote a letter asking to become an annual subscriber to the good work."
- 3. In India. Prayer made in England. "In the records of the Leicester Baptist Church, where Robert Hall succeeded Carey, it is noted under date of March 24, 1793, that their minister had left them to go on a mission to the East Indies. 'We have been praying,' said one of the members, 'for the spread of Christ's kingdom amongst the heathen, and now God requires us to make the first sacrifice to accomplish it.'" During the eight years from 1784 to 1792, "the churches were praying 'for the spread of the gospel to the most distant parts of the habitable globe.'" Carey sailed June 13, 1793. His work in India was an answer to those prayers of the Leicester Baptist Church.
- 4. In Lebanon, Syria. A missionary, Rev. Gerald F. Dale, writes: "A little more than two years ago a

lad came to my house from one of the most bigoted villages in Lebanon and asked for a Bible. He had no money to pay for it, but offered a silver coin which he had found in ploughing upon the plain of Cale, Syria. I gave him a large reference Bible for the coin, and paid for it from a sum provided by a little boy in eastern Pennsylvania for the purchase of Bibles and Testaments. Some time after the [Syrian] lad called again, and told me that his relatives were endeavoring to take the Bible from him to destroy it. But he said, with a beaming face, that he had prepared a chest with lock and key for his Bible, and held up the key to show that his Bible was safe. I have since been to the United States for a much needed rest, and immediately after my return to my field of labor, was informed that two young men had been examined, and were to be received into full communion upon the following Lord's Day. Imagine my joy to find that one of the young men was the lad who had given the old silver coin for the Bible. During those intervening months the sacred pages of that precious Bible had been read, and the prayers of that little boy in eastern Pennsylvania had been answered, and a soul had been born again."

5. In Africa. Prayer offered in Scotland. "While Livingstone was in Africa, a Mrs. McRobert, of Scotland, unable in person to share in his toils, sought prayerfully to help his labors to greater effectiveness.

She had saved twelve pounds, and gave her consecrated offering to him that he might have a native African as a body servant.

"Livingstone used the gift to hire the faithful Mebalwe; and when at Mabotsa a lion seized Livingstone by the shoulder, tore his flesh and crushed his bones, there seemed no hope for his life except God should work a miracle; while that beast's paw was on his head, Mebalwe, that native teacher, diverted the lion's attention from his master to himself, and risked, as he nearly lost, his own life to save that of Livingstone.

"How little did that humble Scotch woman foresee that her twelve pounds would indirectly be blessed to the prolonging of that priceless life for the toils and triumphs of thirty more years. And who shall dare to say that Mrs. McRobert was not in God's eyes a sharer in the wonderful work which he was spared to do in opening equatorial Africa!"

6. In Africa. Prayers offered there. Rev. Henry Richards, Baptist missionary at Banza Manteke, Africa, says, speaking of the great revival among the natives of that place: "Just before and during the revival we had some very remarkable answers to prayers. The head of the Nkimbi was about the greatest enemy to the gospel. He had almost absolute control over the men, and told them if they listened to me they would be bewitched, and I told him before his

face and before these men, that he was deceiving them; that he knew it was all untrue. He said, 'Is it not true? You come, and you will see if you do not die and rise again.' He was trying to be bold and convert me to heathenism, but I objected, because I thought I might perhaps fall into their hands and die, but was not so sure as to the way I should rise again. His influence over these men was so great that I had difficulty in getting them to listen to the gospel. There was also another witch doctor, a female, who had about the same control over the women, and when I was preaching to the women she would say that if they listened to me they would die, and they would run away. There was one chief who, when I preached, would take his gun, and his people would follow him. I felt that those three were great hindrances to the gospel. While I was down the country with my wife. I asked God, earnestly, to remove all hindrances out of the way.

"When I got back to Banza Manteke, I found the head of the Nkimbi had gone to a palm tree to get palm wine, and had fallen down and injured his back and died. The witch female doctor's house had been removed, and she was dead and buried, and when I got to the town of this chief, I found that he had the fever and died, and so my three enemies were removed.

"During this time we were in great distress, our goods being delayed through some misunderstanding.

We were almost entirely without provisions and barter goods. We had children at the station whom we had ransomed and they had to be provided for. We had come to the very last. We had no more food, no more cloth, and I called the children together and told them God would answer prayer, and we must ask him to send us food and cloth to buy it with. Mr. Clark had gone to Lukunga to see how things were, and he found some cloth hidden away in a box underneath some other boxes. The day after we prayed, Mr. Clark came in and put twelve pieces of cloth on the table, and said, 'If you want that you can have it.' So our prayer was answered, and the people were greatly surprised.

"I was also a very long time without soap. A rather common article to talk about, but if you are without soap for three months you will value soap as you have never done before. One has to be far more particular in that climate in regard to cleanliness. One must frequently change his linen. It does not matter so much in a clean climate like this (United States), but it is of great importance in the Congo. We had been without soap for nearly three months, and felt that we could not go without it any longer. I knew that they had no soap at Palabala or Lukunga, but I went to God and asked him for it. I said I did not know where it was to come from, but I would just wait. Two days after this, Mr. Ingham, who was

then an official in the State, but who is now a good missionary, came in and said he wanted to get some things washed, and would I let my Jack-wash wash them as he was going down the country and he would get them when he returned. He put two bars of soap on the table, and said I could have what was left after he had cut off a piece for my Jack-wash to use, as he did not wish to be bothered with it. I told him how I had prayed for it, and felt that God would give it to us.

"During the time of the revival, we had two services a day and an evening service, and we had glorious meetings. The testimonies of the converts were given with great power. One day the boy who had charge of the lamps came in and said that the oil was finished. I just lifted up my heart to God in prayer, and said, 'You cannot mean that these services are to be stopped; we cannot conduct them in the dark.' An hour had not passed when the same boy came in and said that a carrier had come from Palabala. I went outside, and the first thing I saw was a large tin drum. I went and looked at it, and the first thing I read was, 'Kolzu oil,' just the oil we needed. If it had been kerosene, or parafine, or any other kind, we could not have used it. I said to Peter, 'Fill up the lamps; God has sent the oil."

7. Prayer offered at Hermannsburg, in Hanover. "The experience of the Hermannsburg Mission is very

encouraging, and should help us to offer the prayer of faith.

"Louis Harms projected his mission when he says, 'Of silver and gold I had none, but I knocked diligently on the dear God in prayer.' In due time the ship 'Candace' is built and paid for, and is on its way with its precious freight of gospel messengers to be followed by others as the way is opened for them.

"The statistics of the mission, as given in the August 'Missionary Review,' show that both income and expenditure are irregular, but nicely adjusted to one another. In 1854, the expenditure was fourteen thousand four hundred and fifty crowns and the income fifteen thousand crowns. In 1855, over against an outlay of nine thousand six hundred and forty-three crowns, is an income of nine thousand seven hundred and twentytwo crowns. In 1856, the expenditure is fourteen thousand eight hundred and seventy-eight crowns and the income fourteen thousand nine hundred and seventyeight crowns. In 1857, the outlay is thirty thousand nine hundred and ninety-three crowns, and the income thirty-one thousand one hundred and thirty-three crowns. In 1859, after meeting the year's demands, some three thousand seven hundred crowns remain in the treasury. Such results were secured only through the prayer of faith and the power of God. Harms made no appeals, sought no man's aid, did not advertise his needs. His reference to money matters in the magazine he published went no farther than the barest outline of accounts. He cast his financial burden on the Lord, and acted simply at his steward."

8. Prayer offered by Bible Women and others of Ongole, India. "Thathapuddee Utchama and Gurendepalli Kotami gave beautiful instances of gracious answers to prayers. Utchama owns a small piece of land in which she sowed some castor-oil beans, and just as the crop was coming to perfection worms began to attack the plants. She called a few Christians. together, and prayed earnestly that the Lond would remove those worms and give her a good harvest of oil beans. The Lord, she said, heard and answered their prayer, for there was not a worm to be seen after two or three days. The gram-munsiff of that village heard of this, and so came to Utchama, and said: 'Utchama, I have heard of the way in which you got rid of the worms from your field. Won't you collect the Christians together and pray for my fields too? If your God answers your prayers, I promise that I will give him one-tenth of the produce.' Utchama promised to do as the man requested, and morning and evening she collected some Christians together and prayed, both in the schoolhouse and in the man's field; the ryots (farmers) would always be present when they assembled for prayer in the field. For three days they prayed very earnestly, and at the end of that time the worms disappeared entirely. The ryots, in astonishment, exclaimed: 'This confirms the truth of your religion; your God is the only true God.'"

- 9. Prayer offered by a Burman at Rangoon, Burma. After Dr. Judson's unsuccessful visit to the Burmese king, who would not look at the present of the fine gilt-covered copy of the Bible, and who read the first two sentences of a tract offered him, and then dashed it to the ground, Dr. Judson "feared that he should be obliged to give up preaching Christ in Burma, for he thought no one would venture to hear him. On the Sunday after he reached Rangoon, when the three converts were with him secretly in the evening, he told them of all that had occurred at Ava, and how if they remained in Rangoon they would certainly be persecuted. He told them he thought of removing to Chittagong, a place which is under the Bengal government.
- "A few days after, Moung Bya came again to the mission house, accompanied by his brother-in-law, Moung Myat-yah.
- "'I have come,' said Moung Bya, 'to ask you not to leave Rangoon at present.'
- "'I think,' replied Dr. Judson, 'that it is of no use for me to remain here. I cannot open the zayat; no Burman will venture to examine the religion I teach, and so no one will believe it.'
- "'Teacher,' said Moung Bya, 'my mind is distressed; I cannot eat or sleep, since you are going

away. I have been among those who live near us, and I find even now some are secretly examining the new religion. My brother, Myat-yah, is one of them. Do stay with us a few months. Stay until there are eight or ten Christians here, and then, even if you leave the country, the religion will spread of itself—the king cannot stop it. Let us all make an effort. As for me, I will pray.'

"Dr. Judson stayed. In a short time there were not only ten, but eighteen Burmese Christians in Rangoon. Neither the king nor the viceroy interfered to persecute the missionaries or their converts; and Dr. Judson was once more filled with thankfulness and hope."

"Well," remarked Jessie, as the list had been completed and read aloud, "I am pretty sure that Susie will believe that some prayers for foreign mission work have been answered. And these instances are so few compared to the number that might be found."

"And how many prayers of which we know nothing God has heard and answered," returned her mother.

"There is one thing more that I want to add to that list before you give it to Susie," interposed Aunt Abby. Then she wrote, very slowly, and read aloud:

"When Joseph Neesima, afterward the 'Apostle of the Japanese,' was a young man, he prayed this prayer: "O God, if thou hast eyes, look on me. O God,

if thou hast ears, please hear me; I want to be civilized.'

"God did look on Joseph Neesima, and heard him, and Joseph Neesima not only became 'civilized,' but Christianized, and a founder of a school where over seven hundred boys now study. Almost all the boys who graduate from this school become Christians before graduation. When Joseph Neesima lay dying, while his eyes were growing dim, he called for an atlas, and looking at the countries of the earth, he put his finger on one country after another, saying, 'This is a Christian country,' or 'This is a Pagan land.' And then, as he died, this 'apostle of the Japanese' breathed another prayer. He prayed that all lands might some day be led into the light of Christian civilization. That prayer has not yet been answered. Have you any part in its answer?"

Jessie placed the list in an envelope, and a few days later gave it to Susie, who was quite surprised to receive such a number of clippings as comprised the list.

"I didn't mean to make you so much trouble by my question," she apologized.

"It was no trouble," answered Jessie; "I felt that I ought to have been able to tell you more than I did that day. It is a good thing to be asked a question once in a while. Aunt Abby found some of those answers."

But at home Aunt Abby had received a paper that

contained an extract from a leaflet called "A plea for more prayer for our missionaries." Aunt Abby read the extract aloud that evening, as the others were sewing:

"What right have we as churches, societies, or individuals to assume the financial support of a missionary, if we do not also assume the support which comes from prayer? Dare we turn them adrift in a foreign city with a mere pittance as a salary and then drop them? What right have we to deny them these expected prayers? Far better let some one else have their support, who will not only provide their salary, but will hold up their hands with prayer!

"Some of our missionaries are under the care of societies whose churches have a membership of five, six, and eight hundred. Have you ever thought what might happen, if every day every member of that church sent up a petition to God for that faithful laborer in the foreign field? Have you ever thought how doors would be opened, crooked places made straight, diseases healed, dangers averted, pestilence avoided, hard hearts softened, and souls converted to God? Think of five hundred earnest prayers ascending daily for one missionary! What could she not do? Who would not be a missionary with such a royal income?

"How do we pray for our missionaries? Do we call them each by name?"

"That would be a different way from the usual one, wouldn't it?" commented Jessie's mother from the lounge where she lay. "I think that would call for more knowledge about our missionaries than many church-members possess."

Jessie recalled an instance of a girl from California who had gone to Persia as a missionary, and who seemed to learn the language more easily than the other missionaries. One of the natives spoke about this, and the young missionary said that the reason why she learned the language so readily was that her mother, who was in California, was praying for her.

"And I believe that mother's prayers may have had something to do with that girl's success with the language," added Aunt Abby, emphatically.

"How do we pray for our missionaries? Do we call them each by name?"

The question followed Jessie persistently the rest of the evening and all the next day; and as she thought of it, many interesting facts pressed forward for recognition.

"Should we not, as Baptist Christians, know enough about our missionaries to do this in a much greater degree than we do? If we believe in prayer, are we not bound to pray for the coming of the kingdom of our Lord in heathen lands? And why should we not pray intelligently? When we pray for Assam, do we remember to pray for our missionary, Mr. Clark, in the

Molung hills, working on his Naga-English dictionary, that may be such a help to those missionaries who come after him? When we pray for China, do we remember to pray for Mrs. Dr. Scott, as she tries to minister to the sick souls and bodies of the Chinese, who come to her blind, diseased, afflicted with curvature of the spine,—attending as she sometimes does to eighty or one hundred patients in one day? Have we forgotten to pray that the Lord will give her skill and wisdom in the prescribing of the medicine and in the speaking of Christ to each poor soul? Do we pray for our other medical missionaries in China, Dr. Barchet and Dr. Grant, at Ningpo? Do we pray especially for the hard toilers of West China, Mr. and Mrs. Warner and Mr. Upcraft? Do we pray for the lonely toilers in the far north of Japan, at Nemuro? Do we know anything of the workers at Osaka? at Tokyo? at Yokohama? Have our missionaries in Africa, Mr. Richards and Mr. Clark, no claim on our prayers? Has India no toilers who need our petitions? Has Burma? Let us call our missionaries 'by name' before our Lord in prayer.

"Who knows how many blessings have been with-holden from mission fields because we have not prayed as we ought? Rev. John R. Hykes, of Kinkiang, China, in an article in the 'Missionary Review,' on the importance of winning China for Christ, says: 'We are on the verge of a mighty outpouring of God's Spirit

upon the land of Sinim. Why does it not come? Because we have not prayed for China as we ought. The great need of China is not more men or more money; but united, earnest, agonizing prayer for a copious outpouring of God's Spirit. Oh, that Christian men and women would agonize in prayer for the salvation of this the greatest of all heathen nations."

As Jessie thought on these things, she determined to more perfectly familiarize herself with the various fields and the workers therein than ever before, so she could be able to call each one by name, and pray for them individually.

## CHAPTER XI.

## ONE RESULT.

O woman hearts that keep the days of old In living memory, can you stand back When Christ calls? Shall the heavenly Master lack The serving love, which is your life's fine gold?

Do you forget the hand which placed the crown Of happy freedom on the woman's head, And took her from the dying and the dead, Lifting the wounded soul long trodden down?

Do you forget who bade the morning break,
And snapped the fetters of the iron years?
The Saviour calls for service; from your fears
Rise girt with faith, and work for his dear sake.

And he will touch the trembling lips with fire:
O let us hasten, lest we come too late!
And all shall work; if some "must stand and wait,"
Be theirs that wrestling prayer that will not tire.

DID Susie Barnes care any more about foreign missions than she had before she asked her question? As Jessie waited on her mother and Aunt Abby, and taught her scholars and did the housework, the young music teacher wondered if Susie used her prayer-card; if any real prayer for the foreign work had gone up from the girl's heart; or whether the words of the woman of Siam were yet true: "She even refuses us her prayers because she is not interested in missions."

Great was Jessie's amazement, therefore, to find Susie at the next meeting of the mission circle, although no "trap" had been laid to attract her, Jessie knowing that it would not do to have Susie on the programme every time to the exclusion of some other person.

"I wonder if she is beginning to care?" Jessie vainly questioned herself, remembering Aunt Abby's prophecy, "If Susie Barnes gets to praying about foreign missions something will come of it."

But there was nothing about Susie's actions to show whether she was thinking much on the subject or not. After the meeting she disappeared immediately; but Aunt Abby, who had been too feeble to attend, looked thankfully happy when she heard that Susie had been there. When Jessie was arranging some of Aunt Abby's things the next day, the girl found, lying partly slipping out of her aunt's Bible, a few lines Aunt Abby had cut from some paper. They read as follows:

## "SUBSTITUTION."

"Now send in my place, O Master,
Some one I dearly love,
To the people who sit in darkness,
With a message from above.
I have learned my own unfitness
For the task I vainly sought;
But others are willing and ready,
And the work will yet be wrought.

"But since in the grand fulfillment
I still would have a share,
Choose one for the blessed service,
Whom on my heart I bear;
Her work and her aspiration,
Her hope as my own shall be;
And around by the way of heaven
I shall reach across the sea.

"When her hands are worn with labor,
My knees shall be worn with prayer;
And to one who loves to listen,
I will tell her every care.
And when on the field she planted
She sees no quickening sign,
I will enter into my closet
And plead for the power Divine.

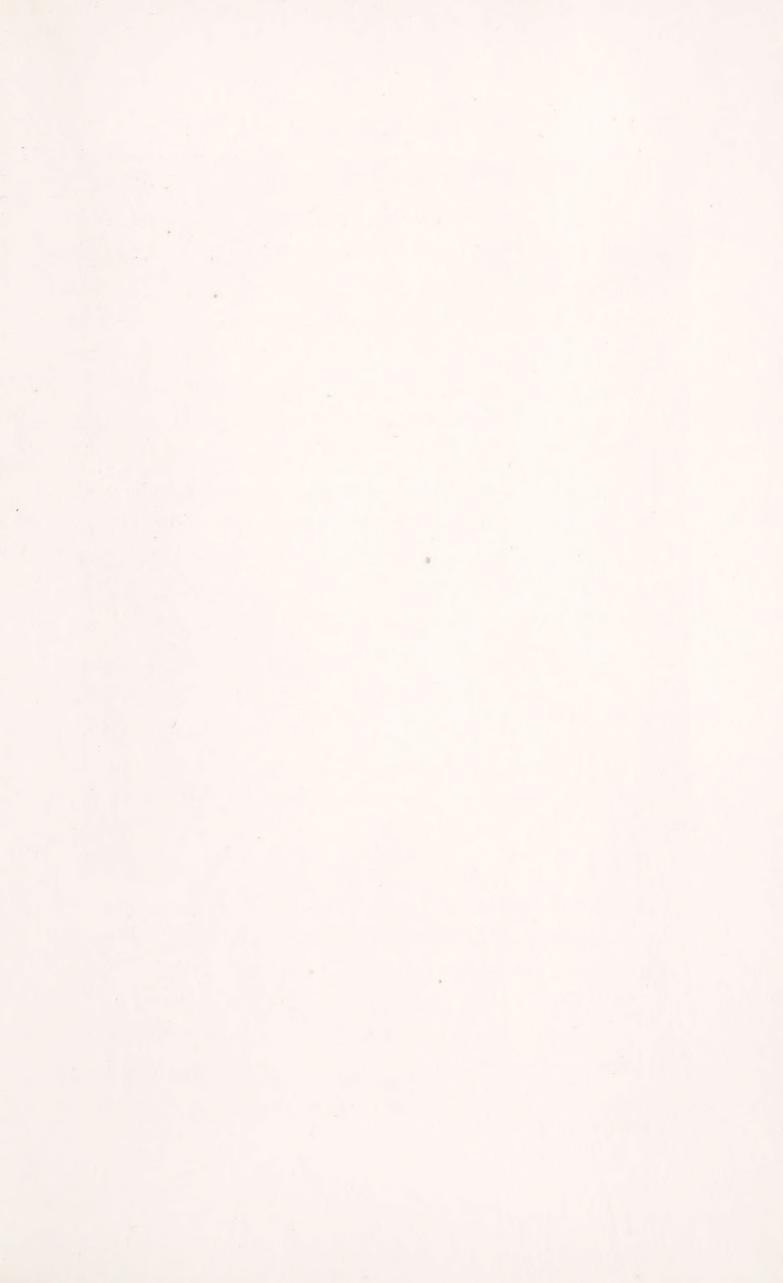
"'And if we labor together,'
Says one of the chosen band,
'We shall reap and rejoice together.'
Oh, the joy of that other land!
If I must be one of the number
Whose strength is to sit still
Dear Father, through my beloved,
Teach me to do thy will."

To it was appended this note:

"Written by Miss Keyes, daughter of one of the missionaries to Syria, when illness in this country prevented her return to the beloved work in the foreign field."

Dear old Aunt Abby! Was that her prayer?

Jessie's eyes dimmed, reading it.





Jessie's Three Resolutions.

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"Oh, if I could go, that is the way Aunt Abby would pray for me!" she thought.

Month by month passed, and yet, whether invited to read to the ladies or not, Susie Barnes came regularly to the missionary meetings. Jessie grew to expect to see Susie there.

"I think she must be praying for missions or she would not come," conjectured Jessie.

And that prayer, which each person had been requested to offer every day was:

"May our Heavenly Father, who gave his only begotten Son to die for the sins of the whole world, be pleased to lay heavily upon the hearts of all who profess to love Jesus Christ the responsibility of those millions and millions of lost souls who have never so much as heard of a Saviour."

Was Susie beginning to feel such a responsibility? Had she learned to truly pray that prayer, "Here am I, Lord; use me to spread the knowledge of redemption through Christ?"

Late one afternoon, nearly a year after the memorable missionary meeting, Jessie came in from her music-teaching, and found Susie Barnes sitting talking to Aunt Abby. The old lady's face shone with joy.

"I came in to say good-bye," said Susie, smiling a little tremulously, as she turned to Jessie; "I am going away to study for a year at a training school, and then—then I hope I am going to be a foreign missionary."

Susie's voice trembled, but Aunt Abby's joyful tones broke forth.

"Didn't I tell you, Jessie, something would come of it if Susie began praying for foreign missions? And she says our list of answered prayers helped her to pray for foreign missions!"

Susie answered Jessie's inquiring look.

"Yes, I have prayed for them, and that is what brought me to resolve to be a missionary. I have been praying for missions for months."

And so she was going! She would begin study at the training school inside of two weeks. It seemed very sudden, especially in a girl who used never to be interested in missions. But she had been praying! That was the explanation. Oh, that all those Christians who are "not interested" in foreign missions could be induced to really pray for that portion of the Lord's work! What blessing might not come of such prayers! What consecration of money might come! What numbers of those Christians who now stay at home would feel irresistibly impelled to go into "all the world and preach the gospel to every creature."

"But I don't believe I should ever have begun to pray for foreign missions, if you had not invited me to read the article you gave me for that day at the mission circle," confessed Susie, turning to Jessie. "That brought me to the meeting, and being there, I received a prayer-card. And then you know the

article you gave me to read seemed to mean me! I seemed to be the woman who was not interested enough in those heathen to pray for them."

Then Jessie rejoiced that she had had any influence in bringing this bright young woman to consecrate herself to the work of leading the heathen to Christ.

The weeks went swiftly by, and the time of parting came.

"I know you want to go as a missionary just as much as I do," whispered Susie, as she kissed Jessie good-bye. "Don't forget to pray for me."

"God will open the way if he wants me to go," whispered Jessie, with tearful eyes. "I am so glad you are going."

And at home Aunt Abby and her sister, Jessie's mother, prayed for the young missionary. Theirs was not the strength of body to go, but theirs was the strength of soul to pray.

That evening, in the quiet of their own home, as each heart was filled with thoughts of Susie and her determination to devote her life to winning souls for the Master, Jessie, almost unconsciously, turned to the well-loved "missionary corner" for something to read.

"Jessie," said the sweet voice of her mother, won't you read aloud, dear?"

"Certainly, mother mine."

Then Jessie read extracts here and there, forming to

her hearers a symposium on a subject very dear to each one.

"'And if the Lord says to certain ones of his children, "stay," does he not say to many who are not willing to hear, "go"? Have we honestly asked the Lord what his will is concerning us?'

"Says Spurgeon: 'I should not like you, if meant by the gifts of God for a great missionary, to die a millionaire. I should not like it, were you fitted to be a missionary, that you should drivel down into a king. What are all your kings, all your nobles, all your stars, all your diadems, and your tiaras, when you put them altogether, compared with the dignity of winning souls for Christ, with the special honor of building for Christ, not on another man's foundation, but preaching Christ's gospel in regions far beyond?'

"Mr. Paton says: 'When, when will men's eyes at home be opened? When will the rich and the learned and the noble, and even the princes of the earth, renounce their shallow frivolities, and go to live among the poor, the ignorant, the outcast, and the lost, and write their eternal fame on the souls by them blessed and brought to the Saviour? Those who have tasted this highest joy, the joy of the Lord, will never again ask, "Is life worth living"?'

"Says Mr. Spurgeon again: 'The question is not whether the heathen can be saved without the gospel, but whether we can be saved if we do not give it them.'

"Says Rev. A. J. Gordon: 'Forget not that your first and principal business as a disciple of Christ is to give the gospel to those who have it not. He who is not a missionary Christian will be a missing Christian when the great day comes for bestowing the rewards of service.'

"Dr. Grattan Guinness says: 'Jesus has redeemed the world, and two-thirds of humanity do not know that they have been redeemed, because they have not been told. Let those words ring in our ears. Two hundred and fifty millions in India, two hundred and fifty millions in Africa, two hundred and fifty millions in China, redeemed and do not know it!'

"And what says our Lord? 'Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel.' Does he mean you?

"Alas, that any heathen should have to accuse us in the words of a lad from the Upper Congo, who spoke in broken English at a missionary meeting in Exeter Hall, London. After contrasting his people who 'want gospel' with Christians who have it, the poor lad asked: 'Isn't it a shame? Shame to keep gospel to yourself? Not meant for English only! Isn't it a shame? My people wanting gospel! Isn't it—isn't it a shame?'

"Let us take the testimony of two missionaries as to their work. One is Rev. Dr. Dean, the veteran, white-haired missionary, who is of the days of Judson, and who organized the first church in Hong Kong. The writer heard this aged missionary suggest to the young people of an audience to share in the honor of carrying the gospel to the heathen. Said the white-bearded missionary, so aged that he sat in his chair while addressing the audience: 'I don't call it' (foreign missionary work) 'self-denial. It's a privilege. If God should give me another half-century, I should like to round out a hundred years in the service of the heathen.' Addressing the young people, he said, if at their age, 'I would regard it as a heavenly privilege, if I could start to-morrow morning and go to China.'

"Compare with this the testimony of a much later missionary, Rev. S. A. Perrine, who, with his wife, in 1892, went to the Molung hills of Assam. He writes: 'I cannot cease to thank God that he enabled me to follow his leadings around the circle of the earth. I was once on the point of refusing to be led. Had I carried out my original plans, my life would have been almost a failure.'

"Are you willing to let God lead you in this matter of foreign missionary work?"

Jessie's voice ceased. The question was a very pertinent one to her. She put aside the papers, and silently kissed both mother and aunt good-night.

In the quiet of her own chamber she re-consecrated

her life, her strength, her all to the service of her Master, who had done so much for her.

Her life was wonderfully blessed, and although the door for her own service has always been closed, there are others who owe their first impressions of personal responsibility, terminating in some cases in entering the foreign field, to her efforts.

To each one the question comes, as it came to Jessie:

"Are you willing to let God lead you in this matter
of foreign missionary work?"

THE END.

